

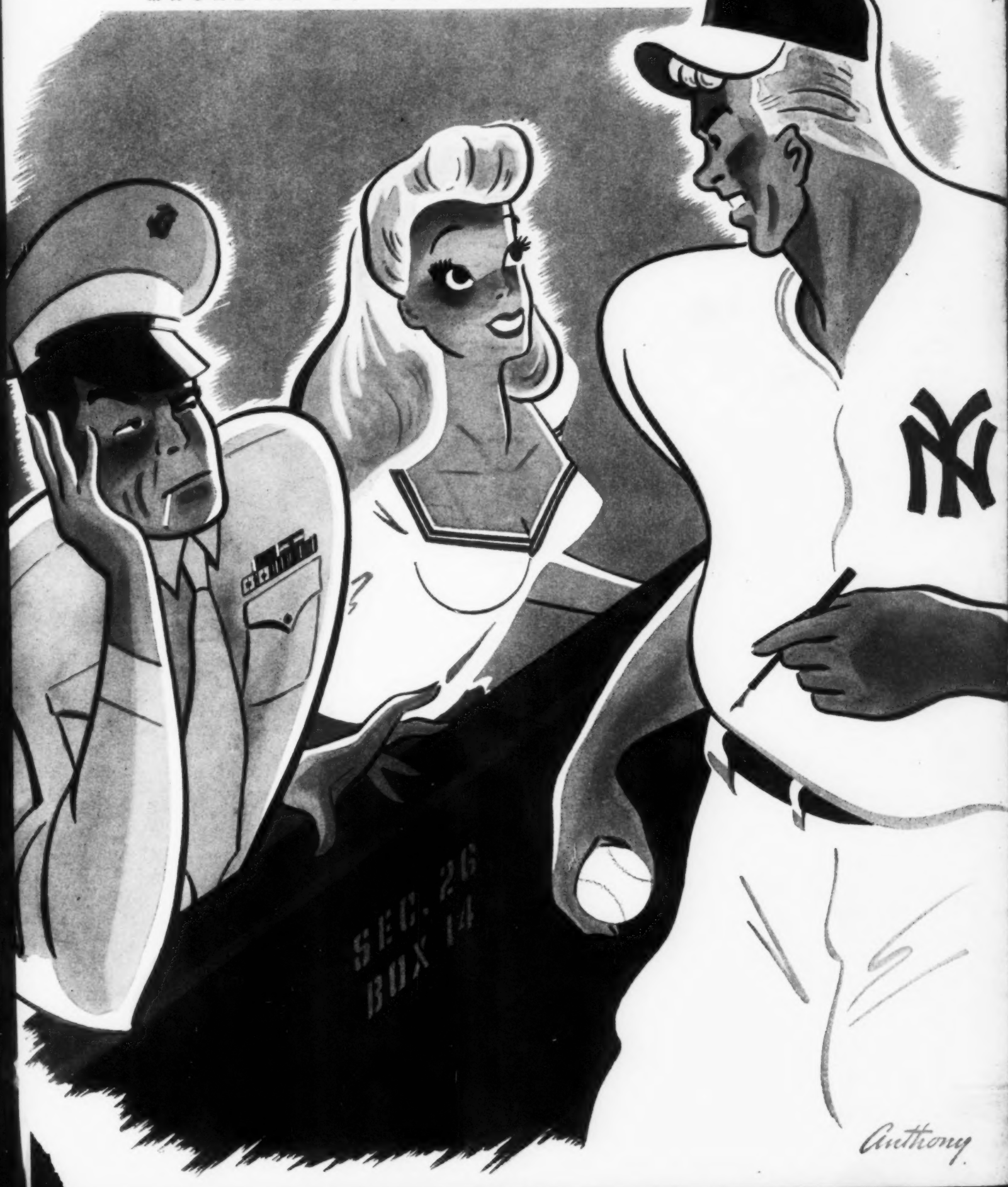
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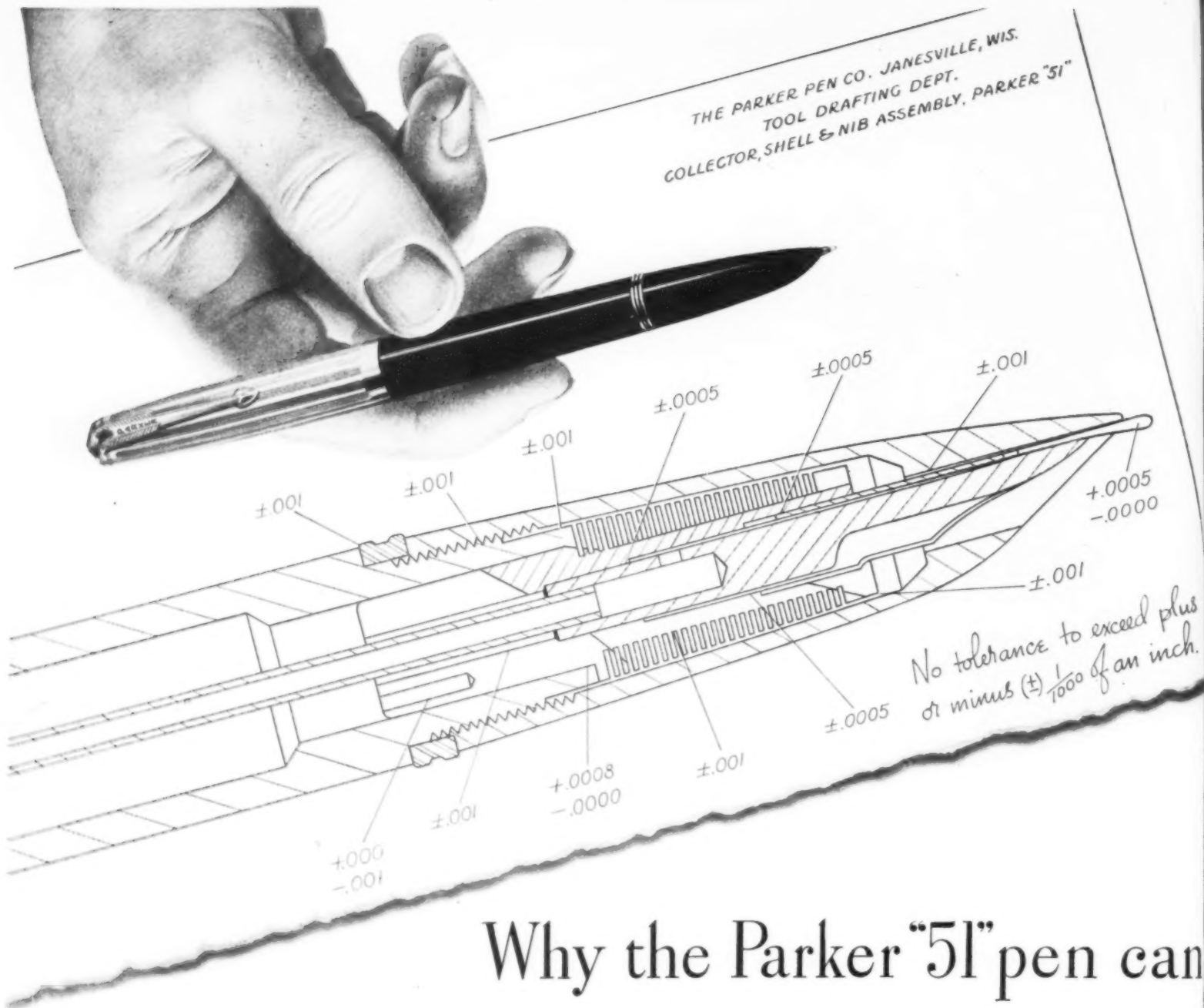
MUN 3461

# Leatherneck 15c

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



THE PARKER PEN CO. JANESVILLE, WIS.  
TOOL DRAFTING DEPT.  
COLLECTOR, SHELL & NIB ASSEMBLY, PARKER "51"



## Why the Parker "51" pen can never be "hurried out"

PRECISION CRAFTSMANSHIP...  
MEASURED IN THOUSANDTHS OF AN  
INCH...MAKES THIS THE WORLD'S  
"MOST WANTED" PEN.

Parker 51's are limited in supply by their very precision. For these are writing instruments designed and fashioned with a great accuracy. The craftsmen who make 51's work with costly materials and delicate machines. They work to standards

never before attained in fountain pens. Their pride in producing "51" pens equals the pride of those who own them.

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You have not long to wait. For more 51's are coming—and soon.

**PARKER**

51

*"Writes dry with wet ink!"*



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### THE LEATHERNECK, JUNE, 1946 VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 6

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ABC Sunday afternoon



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Drink A BITE TO EAT at 10:24

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"He figures the Sarge won't miss his shirt . . . he's got DYANSHINE on his shoes!"

LOSE YOUR SHIRT  
IF YOU MUST,  
BUT HANG ONTO YOUR

# DYANSHINE

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Some of the habits you pick up in the service will come in pretty handy all your life. Using Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is one of them. In seconds Dyanshine adds color to scuffs and scratches . . . helps keep shoes soft and comfortable . . . gives a sparkling, hard shine that lasts for days. A scarcity of imported ingredients that give Dyanshine its extra quality means that the supply is limited . . . so you'll want to follow the directions on the bottle, which make it go farther.



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# SOUND OFF

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

## BRIG TIME DEDUCTED

Sirs:  
Some of the fellows claim that brig time does not affect discharge points; others say that it does. Can you help us straighten out this controversy?

Puzzled

Washington, D. C.

● According to Letter of Instruction No. 1075, brig time resulting from courts-martial is deducted from discharge points. If the brig time is served overseas, two points would be forfeited. Also, AOL and AWOL time is deducted. — Eds.

## CASUALTY'S EFFECTS

Sirs:  
The mother of a friend of mine (killed on Iwo Jima) has written to me asking if there was any way she could obtain his personal gear which was left in a sea bag on Guam. What shall I write her?

PFC Elbert E. Delaney  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● Have her write to The Officer in Charge, Personal Baggage Center, Base Depot, Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif., and give full particulars . . . including her present address. — Eds.

## A ROSE AND A THORN

Sirs:  
I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the article and picture on Parris Island by James A. Phillips — in the March issue of Leatherneck.

I am a former WR and was stationed on Parris Island, prior to my discharge. But . . .

How could you print that picture of Bernice Feltner on page 43? I think it's a disgrace, the way she trimmed the uniform which I wore so proudly. There very seldom is anything in Leatherneck about the WRs; and then to see something like that picture!

Honestly, fellows, would you like it if one of your buddies doctored up your uniform?

Bette M. Skanron  
Rochester 10, N. Y.

● Sergeant Phillips thanks you for the roses. As for the thorn, we might explain that a large number of the girls have converted their uniforms for civilian wear. In fact they held a style show of reconverted uniforms at Parris Island on the WR's third birthday. — Eds.

## THE FOURTH AT SUGAR LOAF

Sirs:  
It has been a year since the battle of Okinawa, yet it seems that in each issue of Leatherneck since then, the Twenty-second and Twenty-ninth Regiments boast of their capture of Sugar Loaf Hill. On top of that

they both think they earned a citation for it.

Today a group of fellows of the Fourth Regiment decided to sit down and try to convince both of these regiments that we, not they, took and held that hill.

Until the time we relieved the Twenty-Ninth on the forward crest of the hill, we admit they seized and held the hill momentarily, but for good reasons had to withdraw. We also admit that both regiments inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy and helped a great deal to set up the situation for the last and final assault by our outfit. What we really mean is that the Fourth went up and over, later driving into the suburbs of Naha.

One of the main reasons the Twenty-second and Twenty-ninth Regiments failed was due to their attempting to dig in on top of the hill and hold off any counterattack. The Nip artillery and mortars had that area well covered . . . you know the result. The reason we took this hill was due to the fact that we didn't attempt to stop on top but continued on down the reverse slope.

We are not writing this to brag, but to stop all the foolish talk as to who did the job and how. We know all Marines take a great amount of pride in their outfits . . . but fellows, let's not overdo it. Many men gave their lives in securing this hill, so it's only common decency that the whole thing be dropped. Especially the jokers who think they rate a citation for the job.

For the Twenty-second and Twenty-ninth we have a great amount of respect, hoping they entertain the same feeling toward us. Together we all made history on Okinawa as the Sixth Marine Division. We would rather hear it said that the hill was secured because we all had a part in the task instead of each outfit seeking individual glory.

Remember, for the sake of the men left behind, we think it is best to forget the whole thing.

Men of the Fourth  
Marine Regiment  
Yokosuka, Japan

## SEEKS BROTHER'S BUDDIES

Sirs:  
I would like very much to contact someone who knew my brother, PFC Carl O. Johnson (556522), Sixth Marine Division. He was a member of the Twenty-ninth Marines, and was killed on Sugar Loaf Hill, Okinawa, May 18, 1945.

Pvt. Ray Johnson (11144643)  
Tng. Co. 34, 3rd Rgt.  
Ft. F. E. Warren,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

## THE DOGGIES GROWL

Sirs:  
I happened to pick up a Leatherneck Magazine in a Spokane USO and as I read through the pages it dawned on me that the Marines had won the war all by themselves. Do you Marines realize that there was an Army, Navy and Coast Guard involved in World War II.

In your March issue, a Mister Mahoney states that he and his buddies never wanted to serve in the Army or Navy. Did the bold Mr. Mahoney and his gallant buddies - in - arms ever stop to think that the Army and Navy did not care what branch of serv-



ice they joined up with?

What disgusts me more is, quote: "That Congress wants to wipe out the best soldiering in 170 years, (supposedly the Marine Corps). Do you by any chance believe that a Marine's training is any tougher than an infantryman's training? I was in the Infantry before being transferred to the Engineers and may add that I am prouder than any Marine to be connected with the United States Army."

Your article "Cradle of the Corps" (March) states that a Marine private just out of boot camp is equivalent to a buck sergeant in another branch of service. I presume this to mean the Army, as there are obviously no sergeants in the Navy or Coast Guard. Kindly tell me when did this happen; or did the Marine Corps adopt something new? Let me tell you, *Leatherneck*, that a sergeant in the Army, no matter what branch, earns his stripes.

So I am closing with absolute disgust. I wish you Marines would stop bragging about what you did and read up on what your Army, Navy and Coast Guard did to bring about the end of World War II.

Two Very Proud Engineers (Army).  
Spokane, Wash.

● *Maybe we are a little prejudiced, but in our opinion the Marines have done a very fine job with the few men they had. They deserve a lot of credit.*

*As for the "private-sergeant" topic, all we can do there is refer you to the Drill Instructors at Parris Island and San Diego who have to train ex-Army men to become Marines.*

*As Marines, naturally we are all proud of our accomplishments. And it's gratifying to see that members of companion services are also proud of theirs. — Eds.*

#### THE 82nd AIRBORNE

Sirs:

With all due credit to the U.S. Marine Corps, it is apparent to everyone that your organization is an excellent one . . . worthy of the praise it has earned from their past achievements in combat. But, we gazed with awe at the March issue of *Leatherneck* which portrayed the very rough boot training undergone by Marine Corps personnel.

It was most shocking to read (page 14 March) that a Gyrene's cap emblem "is the approximate equivalent of at least a buck sergeant in another service." Obviously Sgt. Phillips (the author) has had little contact with U.S. Army Parachute Troops. We believe his estimate would have been reduced considerably had he further investigated the merits of the Airborne Soldiers.

Please allow me to emphasize another point. When the European victory was consummated it was the 82nd Airborne which was chosen to represent our forces and make an exhibition jump on Berlin. The 11th Airborne was flown into Japan first when the Pacific struggle had ceased; and I dare say most of the men were lower in rank than "buck sergeant."

In answer to Sgt. Phillips, all I can say is, "let it snow (job), let it snow (job)." Needless to

say, we consider this a challenge to you to print this letter in "Sound Off."

15 Members of the  
82nd Airborne Division  
Fort Bragg, N. C.

● *Who's bragging now? — Eds.*

#### MEDAL OF HONOR

Sirs:

A dispute has arisen as to whether the Congressional Medal of Honor carries any compensation over from military to civilian life. I would appreciate your settling this argument.

T. D. Brown  
Jacksonville, Fla.

● *The two dollars gratuity which the Medal of Honor carries is only payable while the recipient is on active military service. The only benefit that carries over to civilian life is the right of Medal of Honor winners to have their sons appointed to West Point or Annapolis . . . if they can qualify for the appointment. — Eds.*

#### "BURNED-UP" MOTHER

Sirs:

Could I be permitted a little space in Sound Off to answer those "burned-up Marines."

My son was one of the youngsters who did their boot training at "Boysville" (Parris Island). I don't know for sure if he was a "rugged" Marine, but I do know that he was a good Marine.

When the going was tough he neither beefed nor bellyached; he took it in his stride. When rules and regulations interfered with personal pleasures, it was chalked up to his Marine education. So did many other "chickens" who were Marines from choice — not from draft.

These youngsters were terribly proud of their outfits; and just as proud of their uniform. Many of them died on Okinawa. My son was 17 — most of his buddies less than 19.

What do these "burned-up" Marines have to be so chesty about?

Mrs. Mary C. McGee  
Jamaica 3, N. Y.

#### PROTESTERS PROTESTED

Sirs:

I am an ex-corporal and would like a little information on an article I read in a recent issue of a daily newspaper. It concerns a technical sergeant who was being held prisoner after participating in a demobilization protest.

Maybe I am not qualified to speak; after all I am discharged from the Corps. But I do know that I, nor anyone that I ever served with, would have ever dreamed of protesting anything to anyone, regardless. In fact, it was quite a shock to me to hear of this incident.

I probably will be called "Corps Happy" when I say that one of my greatest prides has been to tell people that I served with the Marines during the war. And to remind them that none of the Marines ever demonstrated against their being kept in the service. What did this one guy think he was in, the Boy Scouts? The Corps has by far the most lenient discharge system of all services.

Incidentally, no Marines can say that they served under tough COs to me, for I have served

TURN PAGE

## COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



**I HAD A  
WAVE  
in my Hair**

Burn shaves got me keelhaunched  
an' blackballed by my Wave wife.

Then I got wise to COLGATE  
LATHER...it's the 2-to-1 choice  
of regular barbers for shavin'  
slick quick with no nicks!  
So now I look great an' my  
First Mate's a first-rate date!

**I'm an  
Admiral,  
j-g.**

I rate like 4 stars  
with the Skipper since  
I told him about COLGATE  
RAPID SHAVE CREAM'S  
Extra-Soaking Power that wilts  
wiry whiskers so they shave off  
like fuzz, but **fast!**

**No mo' Woe  
fo' Joe**

The more I shave the more  
I save, 'cause COLGATE  
RAPID SHAVE CREAM'S  
so economical there's  
up to 6 whole months  
of smooth shaving  
in every giant tube!  
How weird of my beard —  
I'm makin' a profit off it!

GET COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE — TODAY!



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and Serving Manual . . . sent on request. Also,  
when you're in our area, visit our Ice Cream  
Laboratory.

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**TONGUE-TEASIN'...** Biggest  
dessert hit . . . best-seller in any canteen or  
ship's store! That's smooth, mellow, delicious  
Ice Cream. It's easy to make the best, "home-  
made-tasting" kind with Golden State Pow-  
dered Ice Cream Mix. Exclusively processed  
from choice ingredients . . . under strictest  
laboratory control. Vanilla, Chocolate, Maple  
flavors . . . in 4 1/4 lb. and 25 1/2 lb. tins.

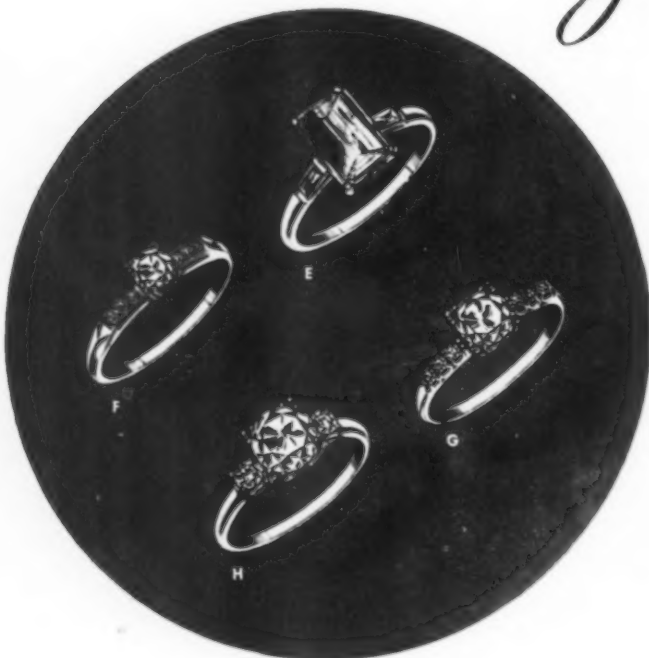
Just add water...  
freeze... and it's  
**ICE CREAM**



**GOLDEN STATE Powdered  
ICE CREAM MIX**



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spend.)

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COUPON  
TODAY

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

without trouble under three of  
the toughest. Namely: Col. C. I.  
Murray at Guam; Col. Moriarty  
at Panama; and Lt. Col. Kramer  
at Camp Lejeune. I might also  
add that it was easy to respect  
these officers — more so than  
some that were a lot more  
lenient.

I will make a bet that this  
guy's serial number starts with a  
9. Most of the gum-beaters I  
have seen in the Corps are in  
that class of cadets.

Mr. H. N. Cale  
Meadsville, Pa.

● *This man to whom  
you refer was, with two  
others, reduced to the  
rank of private for cir-  
culating a petition pro-  
testing being retained in  
his position overseas . . .  
without the knowledge  
of his commanding of-  
ficer.* — Eds.

### PRIVATELY OWNED FIREARMS

Sirs:

Anent your article on danger-  
ous souvenirs. I completely agree  
on explosives, fully automatic  
weapons, etc. But on pistols,  
rifles and shotguns, nix! Is any-  
one so naive as to believe that  
our criminal element is, or ever  
was disarmed, either by lack of  
home-grown weapons or by the  
operation of the law? The con-  
dition in New York and Chicago  
before the war, both of which  
have pretty tight anti-gun laws  
which assure the honest man  
being unable to legally keep a  
gun, are pretty conclusive evi-  
dence that anti-gun, firearms  
registration, and other such laws  
do little more than disarm the  
honest man while the crook gets  
his weapon regardless. The hon-  
est man doesn't have to learn  
about or keep firearms — he can  
play golf or tennis or shoot  
craps. But to the criminal, it's  
his business and he will get his  
weapons one way or the other;  
by direct theft from sporting  
good stores, police stations or  
Army installations, if necessary.  
They've done all of these in the  
past and probably will in the  
future. Prohibition didn't work,  
and neither will anti-gun laws, as  
far as the gangster is concerned.

You might do well to remem-  
ber our valiant ally, England,  
while you're cogitating upon the  
fact that life in the service has  
so depraved our male citizens  
that they will, upon separation,  
forthwith take to a life of crime  
with their unregistered souve-  
nirs. Do you recall the frantic  
plea to American gun owners to  
sell any and every kind of small  
arm, pistol, rifle or shotgun to  
beleaguered Britain so that she  
would have the weapons with  
which to resist an expected in-  
vasion? That country was a  
model for anti-firearm crusades  
to emulate. The police controlled  
all weapons and only the wealthy  
had arms, so that the civilian  
arms industry was almost non-  
existent — except for expensive  
rifles and shotguns to appeal to  
the limited market of a wealthy  
clientele. We wicked Americans  
who could own pistols and rev-  
olvers, rifles and shotguns, without  
let or hindrance (at least most of  
us) were the ones who could and  
did furnish the personal weapons  
of which England's shortighted  
firearms policy had deprived her.

There's another picture, and  
one still less pretty, on this fire-  
arms registration business. A  
conqueror entering a country  
always confiscates the personal  
weapons of the citizens — Ger-  
many did it, and so did we in the

occupied countries. Privately  
owned firearms are the privilege  
and badge of a free citizen, and  
one of the first acts to break the  
underground and to forestall  
revolt is to deprive everyone of  
their arms . . . through the use of  
a list of registered firearms.

No small revolutionary minor-  
ity, no matter how well organ-  
ized, is going to try a coup d'etat  
so long as the majority of a  
country's citizens are armed.  
They must acquire superiority  
either by depriving the local  
citizen of his arms, or by winning  
over the armed forces of the  
country to their cause. Firearms  
registry lists play directly into  
the hands of a revolutionary  
minority by telling them where  
to get the weapons they want,  
and by furnishing them a ready  
means of disarming the local  
citizens should the minority gain  
an otherwise temporary upper  
hand after the red tape and "by  
your leave" of gun registration  
laws has discouraged the local  
citizens from maintaining fire-  
arms and an interest in them.

What we need, and I am sure  
even a moment's consideration  
will convince you, is not less, but  
more firearms in America and  
American homes. We need to  
positively encourage the manu-  
facture and ownership of arms,  
and especially their use. We'd  
prefer good American weapons,  
but any reliable gun can keep  
alive the interest in shooting.  
The recreational use of rifles,  
shotguns and pistols should be  
encouraged by all means so that  
our arms industry will be stimu-  
lated and more and more people  
will have some familiarity with  
firearms.

I could go on and on, but you  
get the point. The natural desire  
of the police for a tame, docile,  
and disarmed citizenry should  
not blind us to the vital impor-  
tance for this nation of maintain-  
ing an arms industry and a  
healthy and growing interest by  
all citizens in firearms and their  
use — even foreign-made and  
unregistered souvenirs!

These views are my own, and  
not necessarily those of the War  
Department.

Lt. Col. C. A. Cozart  
Ordnance, U.S. Army  
Arlington, Va.

### THE STRAIGHT DOPE

Sirs:

Last July I extended for two  
years on my present hitch. When  
I asked for my 60-day furlough,  
I was told that I did not rate  
one. According to the first ser-  
geant, only men who have been  
discharged and come back in  
rate that type furlough.

I showed them the article in  
the February *Leatherneck* on  
this same subject. But since they  
had no copy of ALMAR 6, Nov.,  
1945, nothing was done about  
my furlough. Could you give me  
the straight dope on this fur-  
lough deal?

SSgt Frank C. Genz  
Cherry Point, N. C.

● *The Leatherneck erred  
in quoting ALMAR 6,  
dated November 6, 1945.  
It should have been  
MARCORPS Dispatch  
No. 062039 to all Marine  
Activities within the  
continental limits of the  
United States, and dated  
November 6, 1945. This  
pertains only to re-  
enlistments, or enlist-  
ments.*

*Letter of Instruction  
No. 1187, since then,*

*covers this subject more fully — but still states enlistments or re-enlistments. An extension of an enlistment is not a re-enlistment, but merely an extension of the original enlistment. Therefore you do not rate a furlough under any of these ALMARS or Letters of Instruction. You do rate an annual furlough each year, at the discretion of your commanding officer. — Eds.*

#### ARMY RESERVE TIME

Sirs:  
I have a very pressing — at the time, anyway — problem. I have almost enough points for discharge to inactive duty, as I am a four-year reserve. Does inactive Army Reserve time count toward discharge points?

My Marine Corps inactive time was counted, and my Army reserve time has brought me longevity pay. But does this Army time count toward a discharge?

Please let me know as soon as possible as I have no desire to go overseas again.

PFC N. F. McNaughton  
FPO New York City, N. Y.

• *No, neither Marine Corps nor Army inactive Reserve time counts toward the accumulation of discharge points. — Eds.*

#### ONCE A MARINE...

Sirs:  
I am enclosing a letter received from my daughter, PFC Betty Skinner, Marine Aviation Separation Unit One, MCAB Cherry Point, N. C.

I feel that anything written with feelings like she expresses is a great honor to the Marine Corps.

Mrs. Martha Simpson  
Washington, D. C.

(Printed below is Betty's letter to her mother — Eds.)

Dearest Mom:

Today is our anniversary, the third. We had a parade to celebrate the occasion... probably the last one we will ever have. Such a thought gives me an empty feeling.

Mother I would give anything in the world if you could experience the thrill of being in a parade like that. I really feel that the people who will never know what it was like are missing a wonderful thrill. It affected me as nothing else will ever do.

Try to imagine marching along, your head held high, arms swinging, a thousand other girls doing exactly the same thing. You don't feel like an individual... more like an important part of some large machine.

You march past the reviewing stand where all the ranking officers are standing. Your feelings soar because suddenly you feel that they are very proud of you. The sides of the street are crowded with people, all watching you. Your chin goes up a little higher... you look good and know it.

The biggest thrill of all is when you march past the

band. They are playing the "Marine's Hymn." The music gets louder... "We are proud to claim the title of United States Marines," rings in your ears. It is then that a lump sticks in your throat and everything begins to get blurry because of the tears in your eyes. It is at that moment you begin to understand why the phrase "Once a Marine, always a Marine," came into being.

That's enough of that. I'm getting sentimental all over again. We had delicious turkey for dinner that evening and the Lady Leatherneck's Ball was really fun.

Will see you soon.

Betty  
Cherry Point, N. C.

• *Many of the girls who were so eager to shed their green uniforms for one of those svelte Adrian creations have expressed the same feelings when about to be discharged. — Eds.*

#### REGULAR COMMISSIONS

Sirs:  
What opportunities are open for obtaining a commission in the Regular Marine Corps?

PFC Arthur B. George  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

• *All permanent appointments in the regular Marine Corps, with the exception of those made from the Naval Academy and those appointed under the Naval Aviation Personnel Act of 1940, as amended, have been temporarily suspended pending the passage of a bill now in the hands of Congress transferring reserve and temporary officers to the regular Marine Corps. — Eds.*

#### WHERE IS HASHMARK?

Sirs:  
Even though I am now an ex-Marine, Leatherneck is still one of my favorites. But of late I have been missing one of the best parts of the magazine. Where is "Hashmark?"

Here's hoping that you see fit to reinstall Hashmark in your magazine.

Raymond C. Rumph  
Broadus, Mont.

• *We too have missed "Pop" and his antics. But, since he was serving past his enlistment date for Convenience of the Government, an Honorable Discharge was waiting for him as soon as the Corps could spare his services. His creator, Sergeant Fred Lasswell, was also discharged, making Hashmark's re-enlistment impossible. If you read the November edition (Pacific) you saw him sewing on his ruptured duck and saying "Check me out, Corporal." — Eds.*

(Continued on page 50)

"Snafu! Snafu!" yelled Private New. His pen was clogged, seemed filled with glue.



Till buddy Sharp suggested Quink, The new and pen-protecting ink.

The solv-x in Quink cleaned New's pen — His pin-up hears from him again!



Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. So switch to Quink—its solv-x stops most pen troubles before they start. And only Quink contains solv-x, the protective ingredient that safeguards pens these 4 ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
2. Cleans a pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.

Ask your Ship's Store for Parker Quink! Comes in 4 permanent, 5 washable colors. Regular size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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**PARKER QUINK** the only ink containing pen-protecting SOLV-X!



work. Give full information to experience. Box 980-M, Post.

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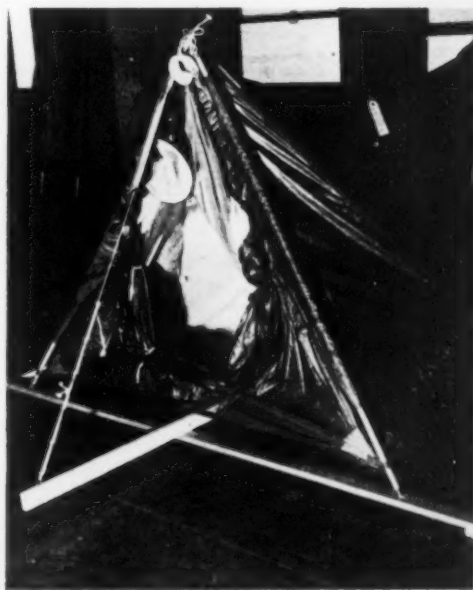
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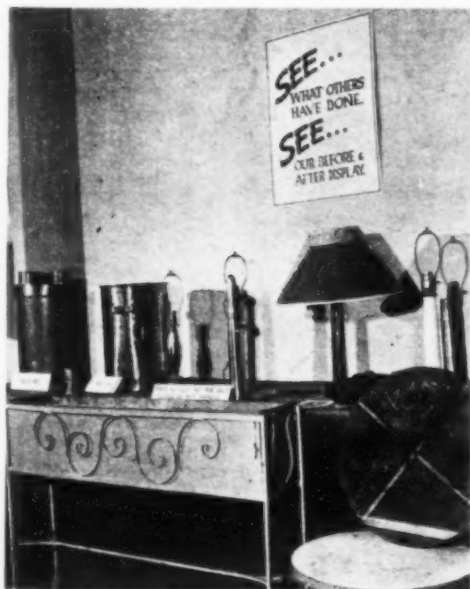
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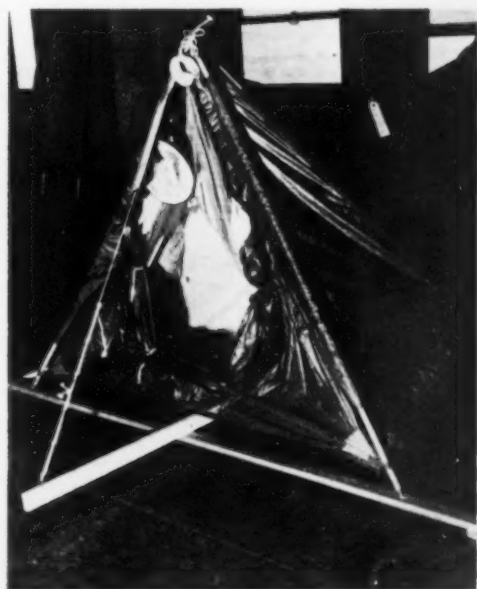
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**WANTED (continued)**



At its New York Port of Embarkation the Army assembles a convoy of trucks. Having been found unnecessary, or "surplus," the vehicles are

to be turned over to the War Assets Administration to be disposed of. There are more than enough prospective buyers waiting for them



Preparatory to their trip to a surplus property depot, the trucks get a last going over by Army mechanics. This is not a complete overhaul



Then follows the over-the-road journey to the depot. In this case the trucks went to Fort Dix, in New Jersey. It was their last military trip



The convoy, which had seemed long and impressive on the road, did not snow Fort Dix in the least. The place is a big Army establishment, with

plenty of parking space. The trucks from New York were lined up beside others that had arrived earlier. But there's not a passenger car in sight



A clerk at Fort Dix studies papers with which a former soldier proves he has been certified as eligible to purchase a truck for business use

## Finding what you want among Uncle Sam's vast supplies is not easy, but it's profitable

PHOTOS BY LOUIS LOWERY AND SGT. BOB SMITH Leatherneck Staff Photographers



This ex-GI is satisfied. He has looked around the depot, chosen a truck he believes will serve his purpose. He wants a wrecker for his garage



The War Assets Administration has no desire to cheat anybody, but sales are final, and the only way to be sure of a good buy is to check first



And now the final step, aside from driving off. A cashier accepts the money for the truck. He and other WAA tellers take in millions monthly



## WANTED (continued)

the tree. Although the surplus is being sold by a civilian agency, veterans must still "go through channels" to make purchases.

The first stumbling block is that in all likelihood you won't be able to buy just one buggy whip or just one of anything else. In preparing veterans' preference legislation, Congress decreed the veteran should be allowed to purchase all the materials that would be necessary to set him up in business. Or, if his is a trade or a profession, surplus stores are to be opened to provide him with tools and equipment.

So, unless you need a buggy whip in your business, the chances are you won't be able to buy it from the government at all. If, however, you need a set of garage tools, a tractor for your farm or complete equipment for opening a dental office, the government says it will be glad to oblige. If you want to buy a buggy whip or any other single article which has no direct bearing on your business, you can purchase it from a veteran who has gone into the buggy whip business by purchasing several thousand.

Perhaps you know for certain that the exact article you are seeking is rotting on a government storage lot. Don't be too hasty in convicting WAA of doping-off. True, someone is at fault when costly equipment becomes worthless through neglect, but WAA cannot sell that which has not been declared surplus. Check up before you criticize.

Usually a 60-day delay occurs between declaring an article surplus and offering it for sale. This, WAA officials explain, is necessary because, after becoming surplus, war goods must be inventoried, graded, priced and advertised. Clothing and other articles which come in different sizes must be separated into units. Buyers are not interested in thousands of garments which are all of one size and pattern. They must be broken into dealer stocks to be offered to individual buyers on the civilian market.

ONCE the surplus has been inventoried, it is listed in a catalog. The catalogs then are sent to veterans who have applied for information and are on a list. Prospective buyers are told when and where surplus may be inspected and bought.

A basic price is placed on most articles, but some sales are made after buyers have offered sealed bids. When the sale is conducted by bidding, the customary procedure calls for an advance sale attended only by veterans. After the veterans have taken their pick, holders of lower priorities are given an opportunity to buy what is left.

All veterans benefit when a basic price is set on an article, because at no time will they be required to pay more than the lowest sum for which any article is sold.

It all sounds fine on paper. However, the whole picture is blurred by confusion and delays caused by overlapping agencies. Surplus ardently desired in one locality may be ignored in another. When this is true, it is up to the veteran to throw the book



When the WACs began to leave the Army, they left their surplus clothes behind. Here's a girdle

away and help himself. There is nothing to prevent him from representing himself as a dealer if he wants to buy something he could not buy as an individual.

"No one is going to ask him where his store is located," one official explained. "What we want to do is get rid of this stuff right now."

Nor is there anything to prevent a veteran from applying in a second or third region for material which he can't find in the first. He will not be criticized for being an eager beaver when he attempts to help himself to a good deal.

If you have the money you can buy whatever is available and if you have ideas, you can use your share of this bonanza.

Castor oil, the medicinal bane of many an otherwise happy childhood, has been declared surplus in thousand-gallon lots. Already buyers have made large inroads into this supply of super oil which may be used as hydraulic fluid or as a lubricant. Other thousands of gallons are awaiting a nod from imaginative buyers.

Chemically treated netting, used overseas in camouflage operations, has been suggested as material for draperies, hammocks, food bags and wiping cloths. When combined with surplus metal hoops, the result can be an efficient fisherman's crab net.

A daring user who purchased a number of war-

time gas masks found that the mask hose could be used as bicycle handle bar grips, that the tinted canister made an attractive candy box, that the eyepieces could be converted into splendid industrial goggles, and that the remainder could be used as a child's toy.

Cartridge belts, cut into squares and fitted with handles, are already awaiting the summer season, when they will be sold as fly swatters.

Thousands of pairs of paratroop snowshoes are undergoing reconversion into, of all things, cocktail tables. Surplus commodity masterminds have discovered that portable sterilizers, intended originally to blitz disease germs ever lurking on surgical instruments, have other uses. The sterilizers are continuing their careers by steaming frankfurters in roadside restaurants.

Southern "Ike Waltons" have discovered that, after handles and guides have been installed, the familiar steel radio antenna becomes a durable fishing rod. Other fishermen who operated their fleets off the Atlantic coast and who helped to write a thrilling chapter in the battle of the Atlantic, will probably be given an opportunity to buy the high-powered radio transmitting and receiving equipment that was installed in their boats and with which they often guided fliers and surface craft to the kill. The sets cost \$1380 each. They will be sold on the basis of their appraised value.

Thus far, only about 4000 walkie-talkie sets have been received by WAA, but these have had a ready market and newer models are beginning to flow in. Their limited range makes them suitable for farm use. Farmers can use them for house-to-barn communication.

Perhaps the most unusual request to be received by WAA came from a veterinarian in the Middle West who proposed to save thousands of tons of beef annually by using a mine detector. Cows and steers, he reported, have a habit of eating nails, bits of barbed wire and other metallic objects while grazing. Occasionally blood poisoning or gangrene results and the cause remains a mystery until an autopsy is performed. A mine detector, he reasoned, should enable him to locate the bits of metal. His order hasn't been filled but it will be when one of the latest and most sensitive types of mine detector is available.

Millions of items are available. Millions of workable ideas are needed to employ them. Each idea should result in a cash bonus for the veteran who follows through.

While speed is important if you want to take maximum advantage of the more obvious money-making possibilities, don't feel that you have missed the boat if you are unable to think of an immediate use for a flame thrower. It has taken three generations for someone to think of a use for a number of old-time, horse-drawn ambulances used way back during the Spanish-American war.

Bereft of their quaint wooden wheels and painted delicate pastel shades, these ambulances are only now being sold as decorative beach cabanas and bathing shelters.

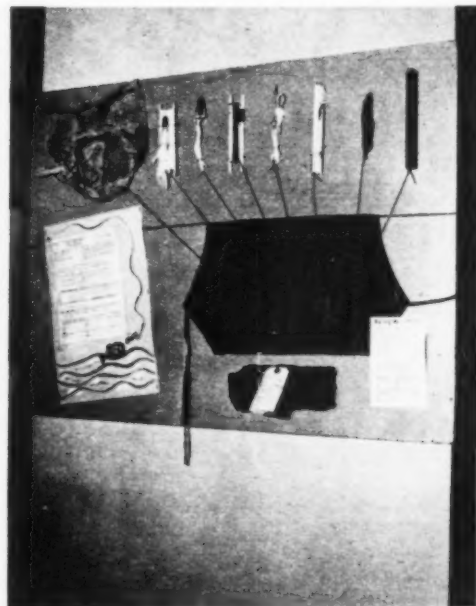
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Radio transmitters, like those one finds in B-17s, were bought by Macy's and sold for \$124 each



Also at Macy's, Peggy McGonagle models two fliers' escape maps as scarves, at \$1.86 each



Fishing gear from aviators' escape equipment is only one of the WAA's 4,000,000 varieties

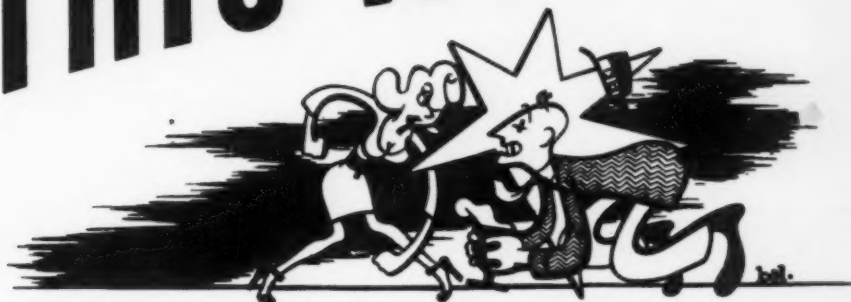




# OF THIS WORLD



LIEUTENANT ALAN SHILIN  
USMC



## Sammy lost faith in the postwar world after a clambake down at "The Greek's"

NOW don't get me wrong! If I was still in uniform, you wouldn't catch me runnin' to the chaplain. And now that I'm a civilian I ain't considerin' goin' to no psychologotrist! I'm just a guy who calls a spade a spade and brother, I know I ain't gonna get along in this postwar world! This shiner I got last night didn't come from no hunk of star dust. It come from Danny Spiro's left fist. (The fink always wore a ring on that hand, but you oughta see him this morning!)

I come home yesterday and, naturally, the first thing I do is get out of my Marine Corps uniform and put on that solid green and red spotted jacket which was just where I hung it three years and seven months ago. Now, of course, I'm tempted to give Bella Spivetti a phone call on account of Bella and me was always pretty strong for each other. But I don't ring her up even though me and Bella has been tradin' billy dues through FPO San Francisco for three years and it is understood that we would get married. You see, I had plenty of time out in the malaria belt in which to plan my first evening and I had kind of made a promise to my stomach.

So I meet a couple of guys from around the block — there was Joe Sherrada and the Spiro brothers — and we all go down to "The Greek's," just like we used to before the war. Now these three guys with me was all doggies from the European Theatre, but I figure the war is over and so I'll forget what they did before they went straight. It was all just a nice friendly clambake — four old friends going to The Greek's which is famous for serving up the best brew in the Bronx.

I ain't neglectin' to repeat that I been dreamin' about lapping up cold beer at The Greek's for three years and seven months. Brother, I been planning to down so many brews that I would wind up the night playing croquet on the floor, with my head for a mallet and the spittoons for — whatever they play croquet with! I mean, I was thirsty!

Well, the four of us sit down and each orders a pitcher. They bring 'em around and I just sit there looking at mine with my tongue crawling over the table, wondering whether to drink it or take a helmet bath in it, when Joe Sherrada lifts a glass, tastes it, and says:

"Why, whatever happened to this jernt? They

used to sell beer here, not liquid DDT. This stuff ain't fit fer me to fill my pen with it. You should taste that beer they sell in London. I tell you it's outa this world!"

And then Dominic Spiro does likewise with his glass and says:

"They musta converted this jernt into a war plant for makin' atomic juice. This ain't beer at all. But did you ever dunk your gullet in that stuff they put out in Munich?"

By this time I am studying the chandelier at The Greek's, looking for the hole I made in it on New Year's Eve, 1938.

Danny Spiro, meanwhile, is sniffing his glass like he was testing for chlorine.

"I lost my taste for beer," says Danny. "Got used to drinkin' them aperitifs in Paris and I tell you there ain't nothin' like it."

"Well," I says, "did I ever tell you about Johnson Island?"

"What's that?" Dominic asks me.

"It's a gas station entirely surrounded by water. I spent a year there. Got a little tired of drinking just high octane so I used to blend it with a little after-shave lotion. Now if you gentlemen will excuse me, I guess I'll just take a swill of this terrible stuff."

With that, I polishes off three glasses so fast that The Greek, who has seen everything, starts packing away his best glassware and checking his insurance policy.

"Now," I says, because I'm still mad, "I didn't know that the Army had any mess kit repair units in Munich, Dominic. How come you got there?"

"I was in the infantry," says Dominic.

"I guess they needed men pretty bad," I says.

ME AND Dominic just had one more glass and then stepped out into the alley. He made the same mistake he always used to make before the war — you could see that he didn't learn nothing in three years — so when he led with his right I crossed over and introduced him to a large garbage pail where he may be sittin' yet, for all I know.

I come in and there is a pitcher of beer filled for me.

"Thanks," I says to Joe Sherrada. "I always like to travel with the Army. It's like travelin' with a Billy Rose road show."

"When you finish the beer, you seagoin' bellhop," says Joe, "we'll talk it over with muscles."

"Don't mention it," I says.

Joe always had a lot of guts but he has a glass jaw and it only took one good one.

"Danny," I says when I come back, "what do you think of the beer here?"

"I think it stinks," he says.

"You're being very rude," I says. "I'll be right with you."

Now Danny ain't no boxer, but he hits hard with either hand. He caught me with a left to the eye and brother, I thought I was right back there wanderin' around Mount Tapitchau in the Marianas. But I come in weaving and after we worked each other over for what musta been five minutes I left him counting his change in the prone position.

Now get this!

I come back in, all dirty and with a shiner on my eye that looks like a neon sign. All I want to do is enjoy my beer which I been dreamin' about for three years and seven months. And who is there waitin' for me? That's right! Bella Spivetti! She is sittin' there chippin' off her manicure on the table and lookin' like she is ready to hatch an atomic bomb! She is really sizzlin'.

"Honey," I says.

"How come, Sammy," she says, "you don't call me when you come home?"

"Bella, honey, I was gonna call you tomorrow first thing. And we was gonna spend the whole day walkin' around the hock shops lookin' for a ring. Cross my heart!"

"You been fightin'!" she says.

"All right," I says, "could I help it?"

"How come you don't phone me from out there?"

"Phone you," I yells. "From Saipan?"

"From 'Frisco, when your ship come in."

Then she gives me the roughest going over I got since I met my DI at Parris Island. I finally get her straightened out and promise no more fightin' and tomorrow we go look for a ring.

"Sammy," she coos, "I got a place picked out for us to live in."

"Yeah," I says, (I got a splittin' headache from Danny's left but I'm tryin' to be a gentleman) "where at?"

"Far Rockaway," she says.

I jump up from the table right away!

"You mean to tell me you expect me to live at the beach? I been livin' on a beach for three years and seven months!"

Bella hops up, too, and she says: "Danny Spiro wouldn't mind marryin' me and settling down in Far Rockaway."

"I already settled Danny down," I says.

This she follows up with a clap in the jaw that makes the lights go on and off.

Well, Bella goes off mad. The Greek throws me out. This morning I spend 80 cents tryin' to get Bella on the phone but all I get is her mother — and brother, that ain't worth 80 cents! All the time I know where Bella is. She's doctorin' up Danny Spiro and he's tellin' her about them fancy Paris aperitifs.

Naw, I ain't gonna get along in this postwar world!

# The FIRST MILE

American dimes are helping servicemen's crippled children to walk again

BY CORP. KIRBY KATZ  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**A**FTER six months of crippling paralysis, tiny, appealing Pat Dion will walk again. But if it weren't for the warm-hearted generosity of 130,000,000 Americans, she might never go to school, join other children at play, or grow up with a hope for a happy future.

Six months ago, Pat — five-year-old daughter of Seaman First Class Theodore Dion, USN, of Washington, D. C. — was stricken with poliomyelitis, the dread, maiming disease that attacks helpless children. Striking like a thunderbolt, polio gives no warning, shows no mercy, leaves useless limbs and, frequently, death in its wake. In the last two years alone, this terrible crippler has caused 33,000 casualties — almost twice as many as Marines suffered at Iwo Jima. There is no telling where, how, or whom this merciless enemy will strike next.

In Pat's case, polio twisted and paralyzed her tiny legs, tying them into tight, agonizing knots. She couldn't move a single muscle below the waist. Yet today she can bend her right leg like a jackknife and wiggle the toes of her left foot. In a few more months she'll be able to get around — with a crutch, to be sure — but well enough to play with the other kids.

Such miracles are performed only at great expense — far greater expense than most servicemen, like her father, could ever afford. Under the revolutionary new Kenny method, which has accomplished such curative wonders, it is necessary to have nurses in constant attendance, to utilize costly equipment and to rely upon frequent massage that quickly consumes time and money.

The people of America have banded together to

Joe Justh watches through the mirror of his iron lung as Pat Dion jokes with a nurse in a District of Columbia hospital

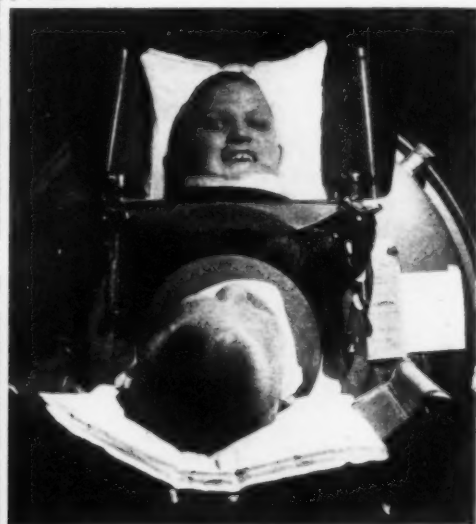




Lovely starlet Diana Lynn thanks civic officials for the key to the District



"Stand by!" Emcee Eddie Bracken warns city big shots. . . . "We're on the air!"



Without this iron lung that dimes provided, Joe Justh couldn't live



Bobby-soxers mob Van Johnson's cab and cause a traffic jam. One girl cried, "I touched him, I touched him!", then fainted



During a tour of Navy Hospital wards, the stars snowed the troops, boosted morale. Here Van gives his autograph to a wounded Marine



"A merry heart is like a tonic," the Chinese say. Here it appears as if these patients used that prescription

Judging from their expressions, the patients here really enjoy the show

## THE FIRST MILE (continued)

Cesar Romero, discharged from the Coast Guard, gets a big hand



At the Mayflower Hotel, hundreds shell out night club prices to see their favorites perform. Birthday Balls were also held at the Shoreham, Statler, Washington and Wardman Park hotels



lend a hand. They have given their hearts and their money to help fight this costly, crippling disease. Efforts are centered around the yearly drive known as "The Mile of Dimes," toward which millions contribute annually. Even school children turn in carefully-hoarded pennies when this campaign is on. Boy Scouts take up collections in neighborhood movie houses. Movie stars, cognizant of polio's horror, go all out to raise money for treatments and research. Each year many top stars fly to Washington during polio campaign time — which comes each year during the week preceding the late President Roosevelt's birthday on January 30 — and "beat the drum" to raise funds. Through three sleepless days and nights they maintain jam-packed, split-second schedules, appearing at movie houses, athletic arenas, downtown dances in exclusive hotels, and even in the White House itself.

Not least among the celebrities' engagements are special appearances at Army and Navy hospitals, where each star performs on the auditorium stage, then makes a personal tour of the wards. Performances here are light, informal, risqué — keyed to the troops. A lot of it is corn, like the story told this year by tough-guy Bill Bendix, who starred as a Marine in "Wake Island" and "Guadalcanal Diary":

"The other day," said Bendix, "I was down at the railroad station when a troop train pulled in. Two very slick young chicks climbed aboard by mistake. When they realized their error, one became very embarrassed and got off the train. But the other stayed calm, and collected."

This year, the muster roll of stars included many of Hollywood's most famous names — Alexis Smith, Paul Henreid, Van Johnson, Zachary Scott, Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Lucy Monroe, Cesar Romero, Angela Lansbury, Charles Coburn, Margaret O'Brien, Harvey Stone, William Bendix, Constance Moore, Gene Kelly and Reginald Gardner. In this high-powered cast, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien stole the show — Maggie with her childish charm — and Van with that smile of his.

Wherever Van went, women



## Franklin Roosevelt's memory inspires this great anti-polio campaign



Adorable young Diana Lynn has wolves howling. In case you care, she plays a sweet piano, too



While cutting capers with Gene Kelly, Margaret O'Brien steals the show







Doris Lowery, once "Miss Pennsylvania," now wife of photographer Louis Lowery, meets Mr. Bendix

"Sinatraized" him. At a press conference we attended, one girl ran through the mob toward Van with her head down, like a fullback. In her excitement, she plowed smack into a wall and literally "knocked herself out." Another pushed her way close enough to grasp Johnson's coat and screamed, "I touched him! I touched him!" and fainted.

Aside from such ludicrous side lights, the tone of the program was earnest. When the last party-goer had tottered home, at least \$200,000 was in the District of Columbia polio campaign coffers. Multiply this sum by the number of cities that participated and you'll have some idea of how Americans feel about the dread malady.

Polio, of course, has not been stamped out. But, in the words of Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service, "While we can predict no immediate success in this fight, I believe the groundwork for future control has been laid."

To servicemen like S1/c Dion, father of polio-ridden Pat, that's mighty good news. America's dimes have made it "D-Day against Disease" — the disease that threatens your children and mine. **END**



No wonder the crowds turned out! Constance Moore and Alexis Smith were just a sample of the beauty displayed at Uline's Arena, where the windup of the big drive was held



High light of the drive came when Mrs. Truman cut the birthday cake. Her audience included the visiting stars

Photographs by  
Leatherneck Staff Photographers

THE

# Orchid

BOMBER



**This strange looking aircraft is one of the Orchid Bombers' flagships—the Budd-built, shot-welded plane shuttles luxury flowers across country**

**T**HE most amazing switch apparent today in reconverted America is exemplified by a jaunty little ex-Marine pilot named Link Laughlin. In early 1940, Link was a Marine fighter pilot. In 1941, he was an AVG fighter pilot, and knocked six Zeros out of the Burma skies before the U. S. declared war on Japan. In 1942, he was hurtling back and forth across the Himalayas for the China National Airlines, ferrying ammo, nitro, and drugs into Kunming. In 1943, he rejoined the Marine Corps, and in 1945, he reversed these violent pursuits with an upsetting suddenness. He began flying hot-house flowers from coast-to-coast in the United States.

Laughlin is a chief pilot and major stockholder in the National Skyway Freight Corporation, the largest and by far the most colorful cargo airline in the country. Flying out of Long Beach, California, this line has nothing but combat aces tooling its big flower transports across the nation. The management is controlled by former Flying Tiger personnel and their methods are unique and effective.

If a man owned stock in Skyway Freight and didn't understand its history, he might wander into the Long Beach headquarters and think he was going crazy. The big guy matching pennies with a mechanic would be Bob Prescott, president of the venture and a ranking Tiger ace. The stocky character lugging crates of gardenias would be Duke Hedman, vice-president, who shot down five Jap planes in 18 minutes. Included in the off key quartet over by the hangar would be Joe Rosbert, Bill Bartling, Bob "Catfish" Raines and Cliff Groh, all combat aces and all very casual men. After watching them for awhile, the stockholder might feel inclined to go home and take the gas pipe.

He would be a sucker if he did, because the pilot personnel of Skyway Freight represents

probably the finest group of all-weather fliers operating under one business banner. All of them flew with Chennault in the AVG's preview pop at the Japanese. All of them flew the suicidal Himalayan hump under the worst weather and icing conditions this planet can offer. Under the competent leadership of Prescott, a law graduate, they are in the cargo airline business, and business is booming.

Although their principal contracts are for the transcontinental delivery of luxury flowers, the Skyway boys will fly anything. They have transported race horses and professional football teams, and will give you a bid on anything from chamber pots to asparagus tips. In addition to the queer shot-welded planes used as flower chariots, Skyway operates Douglas C47s, and has 10 four-engined jobs on order. Now, with domestic business humming along at capacity, Prescott is eyeing the possibilities of a Pacific cargo route to China.

Although their methods are unorthodox, the Skyway Freight pilots are no barn-stormers. They have big contracts, and could sell \$1,000,000 worth of stock tomorrow. Their casual approach is understandable, since their's is the first airline in history to be staffed entirely by combat aces. The real tip on the soundness of their company is indicated by the fact that the financiers, never sentimental, are trying to buy into Skyway.

Feeling that ex-Marine Laughlin's terrific change of pace from flying fighters over Burma and nitro over the hump was unusual, *The Leatherneck* sent out a team to ride with Link on one of his fragrant missions. On these pages are the pictures of the former Marine pilot working at his new job, together with some of his Flying Tiger associates. In the coming race for air cargo supremacy, Link Laughlin and his unconventional partners are distinctly front runners.

**by Sgt. James Atlee Phillips**

*Leatherneck Staff Correspondent*

**PHOTOS BY SGT. BOB SANDBERG**

*Leatherneck Staff Photographer*





Four combat aces discuss peacetime strategy. Link Laughlin, at right, is a former Marine pilot. Others are Cliff Groh, Bob Prescott, and Bill Bartling



At daybreak, Laughlin reports to Skyway Freight's headquarters in Long Beach. All the company's executives are pilots and they all fly the route



Laughlin and his flight crew arrive and secure for the trip across the country. The plane carries over 380,000 individual blossoms on each trip



Loading the bomb bay. A crew from the wholesale floral company hustles cellophane-wrapped parcels of expensive blooms into the plane's aft end

**ORCHID BOMBERS (continued)**



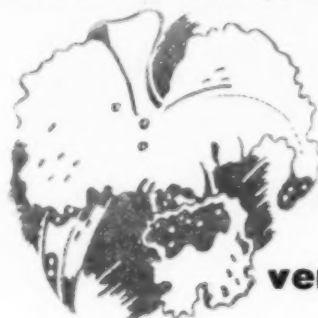
Portrait of a reformed fighter pilot. Link Laughlin, ex-Marine and AVG combat ace, sniffs appreciatively at some pom-poms he is to transport



The flower chariot drums over the Rockies while Laughlin stares at the dials on the instrument panel. After the Himalayas, these are foothills



Less than 24 hours after he left Long Beach, Link lands at La Guardia and the mission is complete. Dallas and Chicago were the other two stops



**Link Laughlin is  
an ex-Marine with a  
very fragrant new job  
and his wife gets orchids daily**



In a New York hotel room, the ex-Marine pilot pins an orchid corsage on his wife, Martha. After a few hours of sleep, Link will fly west again

**END**



They launched a floating memorial to Marines who fought and died on a tiny Pacific atoll

# Sailing of the

# TARAWA

Photos by Sgt. Ray Tyler  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**A**N INDIAN village of folded-wing fighter planes squats at the end of the flight deck of the carrier on its shakedown cruise. Each tepee of shining aircraft is a monument to the 2950 Marines who were casualties on the coral atoll which was Tarawa.

The tempo aboard the brand-new *Tarawa* is increasing. It has increased each day during the time she has ridden the black, refuse-littered waters of her friendly berth at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

The last shipyard worker has bundled his tools and has gone ashore. The last crane load of supplies has been hoisted aboard. A new sound can be heard. It is the busy, well-ordered throb of eight giant turbines. It can be heard above the clanging which comes from the stowing of a cargo of practice bombs.

From the great open bays amidship the hangar deck, you look down at a gulf of swirling black water now widening between the *Tarawa* and the flat pier of brick. The pier has been a mechanical umbilical cord which nourished the *Tarawa* when she was a steel-sided but helpless infant. Now she is on her own.

Below, a small knot of women crane their necks to watch.

"...bye, have a nice trip," floats faintly across the widening chasm of water and busy sound.

The rest of the farewell is a pantomime of fluttering handkerchiefs. From somewhere above the answer comes.

"Bye, take care of yourself. . . ."

One of the group clustering amidships absently raises his arm in a wave, and for a moment the rail is lined with figures which wave and call farewells to the shore. Gradually the activity at the rail ceases until the group stands as before, a row of reflective men. For quite a while they are silent. Then:

"Makes you feel kind of good to have someone to say good-bye to," remarks one, and there is a mixture of longing and satisfaction in his tone.

"Yeah," rejoins his companion. "The only trouble is you don't know any of those people you were saying good-bye to and they were waving to someone else."

"Doesn't matter," the first, a civilian, answers, as if he had thought out the whole theory in advance. "It's nice to have anyone to wave to and not sneak away unnoticed. Remember how we used to ship out in wartime? This is like a pleasure cruise."

The water is black, as if the harbor were in mourning for the dead of Tarawa. The great carrier churns through the buoy-marked lanes which lead to the dark-green Atlantic.

Norfolk is still large on the horizon when the group at the rail go below, driven to the warmth of the crew's quarters by a February gale that croons an icy song on the hangar deck.

Below decks, amidships of the creakingly new ship, directly under the commemorative tablets describing the bloody battle for which she was named, the knot of men from the rail find a crew of Marines. For these there are no clammy foxholes. Instead, a personal, peacetime cleanliness is maintained on the exalted level prescribed in the training manuals.

There is the traditional snap-and-pop Corps which is schooled in shipboard ceremonies and which earns its keep by maintaining the Navy's 20 and 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns.

by PFC Bob Prosser  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Among the men by the rail at sailing time are two whose presence aboard is reminiscent of another Tarawa. Their Tarawa was one where coral rock and broken machines lay cloaked in the sullen presence of death. They are Second Lieutenant Pete Zurlinden, now a Marine public relations officer, and Sam Shaffer, a civilian and a representative of *Newsweek*. Two others in the group at the rail are former Marine combat correspondents. They are Jerry O'Leary, Jr., now of the *Washington Star*, and Sidney Epstein of the *Washington Times-Herald*. The quartet are both honored guests and working newsmen sent along to cover the shakedown cruise.

Sack time comes early aboard the *Tarawa*. There is the same shedding of sweat-soiled skivvies that goes on wherever Marines lie down at night. There is the usual good-natured ritual. Marines line the basins within three-deep, and rocking gently with the movements of the ship, wait their turns at shaving and washing. Sacks are down long before a nostalgic taps drifts through the tight companionway. For a moment after taps there is a busy scurrying sound, then silence. The hissing wake and the throb of the turbines is the only sound remaining.

There is an effervescent carnival spirit among the four Pacific veterans as they gather in one of the two cabins to which they have been assigned. Each knows that three days later he will be in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, historic Marine base and sun-drenched haven from the bitter northern February. Vivid in the mind of each is the memory of war and interminable rides on other ships.

"So this is Tarawa. . . . My, how the old place has changed. Now I can remember way back when. . . ."



Newsman, all ex-Marine combat correspondents watch the new USS *Tarawa* pull out of the slip



The visitors get the scoop about the ship from First Sergeant Day and Gunnery Sergeant Pearl



An old role in a new setting. Correspondents O'Leary (center) and Epstein make the bunks

## SAILING OF THE TARAWA (continued)

"Lord yes. Look at those clean, white sacks."  
 "This ain't like the Old Corps. . . . It ain't like the new Corps either. We're guests."

To a landlubber, reveille sounds strangely out of place in a salt-water setting. But perhaps it is easier to greet the morning on a ship, where you slide from your sack in a warm filing cabinet which is a Marine compartment. The ship is moving south and today it will be warmer outside. There are things to be seen.

Tastes in weather at sea may differ but there is no mistaking that this day will be ideal for all. Its specifications are repeated with slight variation by Marines who, although below deck amidships, can detect a new feeling in the air.

"It's beginning to feel like spring. Where do you suppose we are? Are we opposite the coast of Florida yet?" The question goes from tongue to tongue.

"Nah, we ain't passed Cape Hatteras yet. That's where the Atlantic gets really rough. It gets so tough there that the waves can stand a destroyer on end or crack a Liberty ship in two," a young Marine says, speaking with authority.

"Been out before?" a Marine with black curly hair asks while waiting in the conga line that sways through the galley.

"No, but I've read about it."

"Me neither. But there has to be a first time for everything."

Many of the 2500 aboard are at sea for the first time. All aboard are slightly in awe of the spanking brand-new monster. Each knows from her book of specification and general information that she is the first ship to bear the name, *Tarawa*.

Her sister ships in the 27,000-ton class include the *Essex*, the *Yorktown*, the *Shangri-La* and the *Princeton*. The *Tarawa* was launched in the Elizabeth River, at Norfolk, Va., on May 12, 1945, the latest of her line. Although she is nominally a sister to the others, the *Tarawa* has received improvements in design and equipment which set her apart.

She is 856 feet in over-all length; her extreme beam is 110 feet and she has a 24-foot draft. When fully loaded she will displace more than 34,000 tons, as compared to the rated 27,000, and speed trials show that despite her bulk she can slice through the water at more than 30 knots. During intricate fleet maneuvers she will find it necessary to slow her speed as a concession to the darting, zigzagging destroyers.

Compared with the sprawled runways of a land airfield, the flight deck area of the *Tarawa* is not so big. But it is all that is needed to nest her swift fighters and bombers.

It is early afternoon of the second day out of Norfolk. Handling crews and others line the deck to see the trip's first flight operations. A fighter circles aloft and everyone sees that its arresting

hook is hopelessly jammed. Crews begin to fight frantically to clear the flight deck of planes and equipment while other teams struggle to erect extra arresting barriers. Ordinarily, only the aft deck is needed for landings. Carbon dioxide snow and fire hoses are broken out. From the carrier island, word is spread that the fighter is to be brought in for a crash landing.

The faulty plane swoops, tail down, in a stall.

The crews aren't ready with the fire equipment. There is a frantic crisscrossing of flags and the plane's motor coughs. Like a leaf scudding before an autumn wind the plane lifts and flashes the length of the flight deck. Its propeller puts out a chill blast as it passes.

Again the plane approaches and, tail down, it strikes. Burying its nose in the wood-covered deck it plows up to the first barrier — safely. The pilot steps down, uninjured.

"Whew, that was close . . . too close," a figure at the rail murmurs with a sharp laugh that releases his emotions. Others, unconsciously following his example, release their grasps on the island's protective railing.

Second Division Marines who were at *Tarawa* will recall with no warmth of feeling the methodical poundings they received from the lone "Washing Machine Charley" who paid them particular attention during the early hours of the slashing fight for the bloody atoll. To these living monuments to Japan's bombing inaccuracy a description of the *Tarawa's* air arm is dedicated.

Her main battery is Air Group Four, whose history goes back to the carrier *Lexington*. This group supported the Moroccan landings and operations off Norway, and fought over Okinawa and French Indo-China. It was part of a task force which, in a single day in February, 1945, destroyed 245 Jap planes over Japan's home island. The 96 planes of Air Group Four include 20 Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers; 23 Curtiss Helldiver bombers; 24 Corsair fighter bombers; 25 Corsair fighters; and four Grumman Hellcats, used for photo planes.

**ALTHOUGH** the main bulk of the pilots are replacements and inexperienced in combat, they are led by old hands. Green or not, individual pilots have demonstrated fitness to take care of themselves in the tough and precise landings carrier pilots are required to execute.

If Marines aboard the *Tarawa* have any curiosity concerning the Navy personnel, they keep it well concealed. The reverse is not true. At each morning formation, several hundred sailors, whose curiosity is apparently bottomless, form a circle about the stiff Marine ranks. As long as there is a single rifle to be inspected by the gunnery sergeant, these sailors maintain their somber vigil. Only after the last rifle bolt has snapped shut and the formation has been dismissed, do the wide-eyed swabbies



First plane of the *Tarawa's* "Indian Village of fighter planes" warms up preparatory to taking off. Later the wings come down, the wheel blocks are removed and the plane goes to the take-off line



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Tarawa pilots stand by in "ready room" while being briefed for their first practice flight

direct their reluctant steps back to their day's duty.

Within the Marine compartment aboard the *Tarawa* are evidences of manpower's hasty reconversion. Eight of the ship's complement of 57 enlisted Marines are old hands who average five years of service. The remaining seagoing Leathernecks are recent boots. Their average age could be pegged somewhere between 18 and 19 years.

Conversation, kept at a lively clip within the Marine section, frequently concerns the prospects of free college at the end of the enlistment period.

Gunnery Sergeant Harry L. Pearl of Lewiston, Montana, who has served 18 years in the Corps, is the patriarch of Marines aboard. Both he and First Sergeant Myron G. Day of Tucson, Arizona, his junior in years of service, are making their debuts as seagoing Marines. Laconic in discussing his ideas on carrier service, Pearl is more eloquent in describing the virtues of the ship's semipermanent, sanitary sacks.

"Good duty," are his exact words.

Lingering over the 20 and 40-mm. guns in their baskets, forward starboard, this morning Pearl likes to talk about the *Tarawa's* armament. He does it with affection. Below us the azure waters of a placid Caribbean lap the clean blue sides of the ship. A white-sided banana boat glistens under a tropical sun on the horizon.

"The war sure is over today," Pearl reflects as his eyes pass over the sides of the *Tarawa*, innocent of disfiguring camouflage paint.

The four veterans of the Pacific nod in agreement.

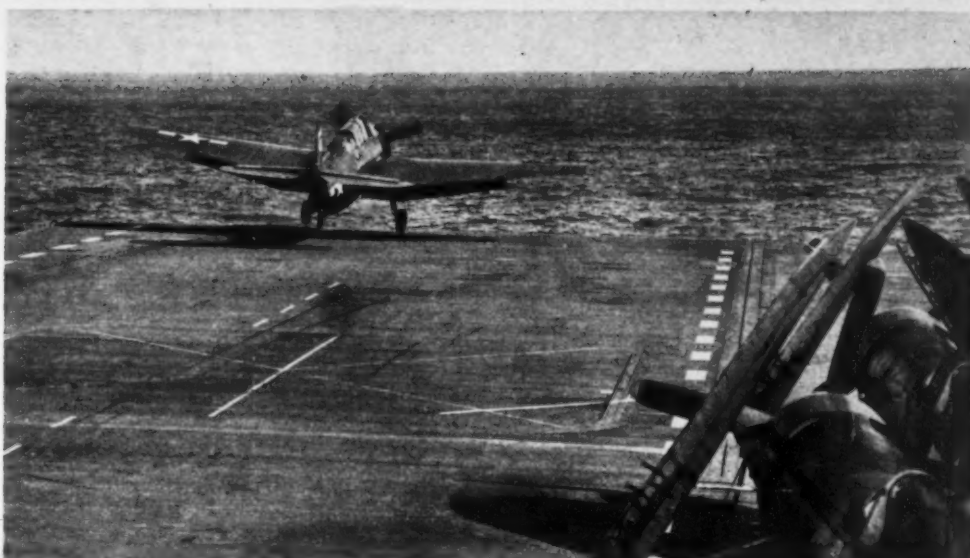
"Look at that banana boat. Stands out like a lighthouse with all that white paint. It's a good, friendly sign."

His eyes continue roving over the gunnery detail. Its members are probing deep into the entrails of the guns.

Heavily armed for a carrier, the *Tarawa* mounts 126 guns of a variety of calibers. A dozen five-inch guns include eight in double mountings starboard and four in single mountings port. Eleven 40-mm. quad mountings total 44 barrels and 35 twin-mount 20-mms. embrace 70 barrels. In practice, under the watchful eyes of Pearl and others, Marines can put up a cloud of flack that would give any air armada pause.

During the coming year and a half, Marine gunners will get a chance to become proficient in the use of these pieces. At least this much time will be required to forge a faultless fighting machine. The *Tarawa* will then be set to join its mates in the fighting fleet.

The alchemy which turns recruits into blue-water fighting men is not new to the carrier's commander, Captain A. I. Malstrom. An air enthusiast, he is a graduate of the Naval Academy, and since 1924 has performed aviation duties with the Fleet. Before his captain's flag was hoisted aboard the *Tarawa*, Capt. Malstrom was the commanding officer of the carrier *USS Sangamon*, until it was hit by a Kamikaze. The Jap crashed through the flight deck, carrying flame and explosion deep into her vitals. After the mortally wounded *Sangamon* had limped into an American port, Capt. Malstrom was given the *Tarawa* command.



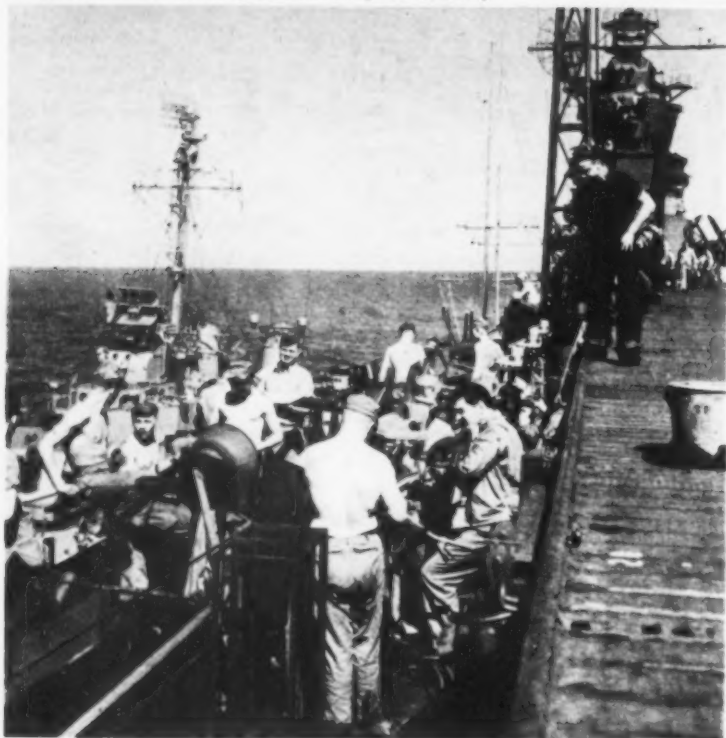
One of the *Tarawa's* planes roars down the flattop's wide, white-marked deck preparatory to zooming on its "mission." Immediately it clears the deck another plane prepares to move off



Two of the *Tarawa's* fighter planes wing their way high over the Atlantic's rippled surface as they head back for the flattop. The wake of the ship may be seen in the picture's left center



Returned to its roost. One of the *Tarawa's* many planes lands on the carrier's deck after going on its first "mission." A destroyer crossing behind the carrier gives the scene a wartime aspect



Marine gun crews of the *Tarawa* go about cleaning and overhauling their AA guns as a destroyer stands by (in background) while being refueled



Visitors relax in their cabin after the *Tarawa* gets under way on its shakedown cruise. Two of the newsmen took part in the *Tarawa* battle

### Battle flags aboard the *Tarawa* are a reminder of her fighting heritage

The hard-hitting *Tarawa* is one of the latest descendants of the old and honored *Birmingham*. The *Birmingham* was an armored cruiser that had, at the turn of the century, snowed the Japs as a member of the impressive, world-touring White Fleet. At Hampton Roads she was fitted with a 60-foot wooden runway built over her forward turret, extending over her bow. From this primitive flight deck the Navy's first airdale, Eugene Ely, took off in a buzzing old Curtiss biplane in 1910.

The following year the battleship *Pennsylvania* was outfitted with a wooden platform 125 feet in length and 30 feet in width. Foresighted — and optimistic — Navy air people built rudimentary arresting gear, fashioned from cables and sandbags. Then Ely flew out from San Francisco, made the postage-stamp landing and took off again, amazingly without accident.

All this the captain explains as we sit in his cabin near the end of the journey. The *Tarawa* lookout has raised Cuba and now occupants of the ship's island can see that land's red-brown hills. The hot Cuban sun is bringing shimmering waves of heat from the steel of the carrier. Soon it will be very hot and, quitting the captain's cabin, the four guest newspapermen from the Pacific war repair to the cool of the hangar deck.

There, on the island structure, are a commemorative plate and two flags, under glass. One of them is Old Glory, the other the Union Jack of the British Empire. The plate was cut from a Jap tank that was smashed November 20, 1943, on *Tarawa*. The flags came from *Tarawa*, too.

The American colors were carried ashore by Marines in the assault and later were raised, with the Union Jack. The Union Jack was pulled up too because *Tarawa* is part of the British-held Gilbert Islands. On February 13, 1944, a picked color guard of Marines, who had entered the service from all parts of the United States, hauled the two flags from the poles of riven coconut palms. At the *Tarawa*'s launching these colors were presented in honor of the 789 Marines and Navy corpsmen who died on Betio.

The Marines and Navy men aboard, as members of the carrier's first crew, are plank owners. With appropriate ceremonies each has been presented a certificate showing he holds a "clear and unencumbered title to a plank in the flight deck." Each plank owner is well aware of the honor thus bestowed, and each is aware, too, that there is another unseen band who, lying under the baked white sands of Betio, hold the first mortgage on the *Tarawa* and on everything the future holds for her.

END




Newsmen, seeing the carrier's sights, take in the two flags that were raised over *Tarawa* after Second Division Marines stormed the atoll. The glass-encased flags will be kept as honored relics



The *Tarawa* drops anchor in Guantanamo Bay and the shakedown cruise is over. The carrier passed its "tes" well and now is ready for real sea duty. Could that be a "libbo" launch leaving its side?





Will the Louis-Conn fight bring boxing back to the big time level of the Dempsey-Tunney days?

# GOLDEN GATE

**But this one will be in New York**

by **Sgt. Lindley S. Allen**

Leatherneck Staff Writer

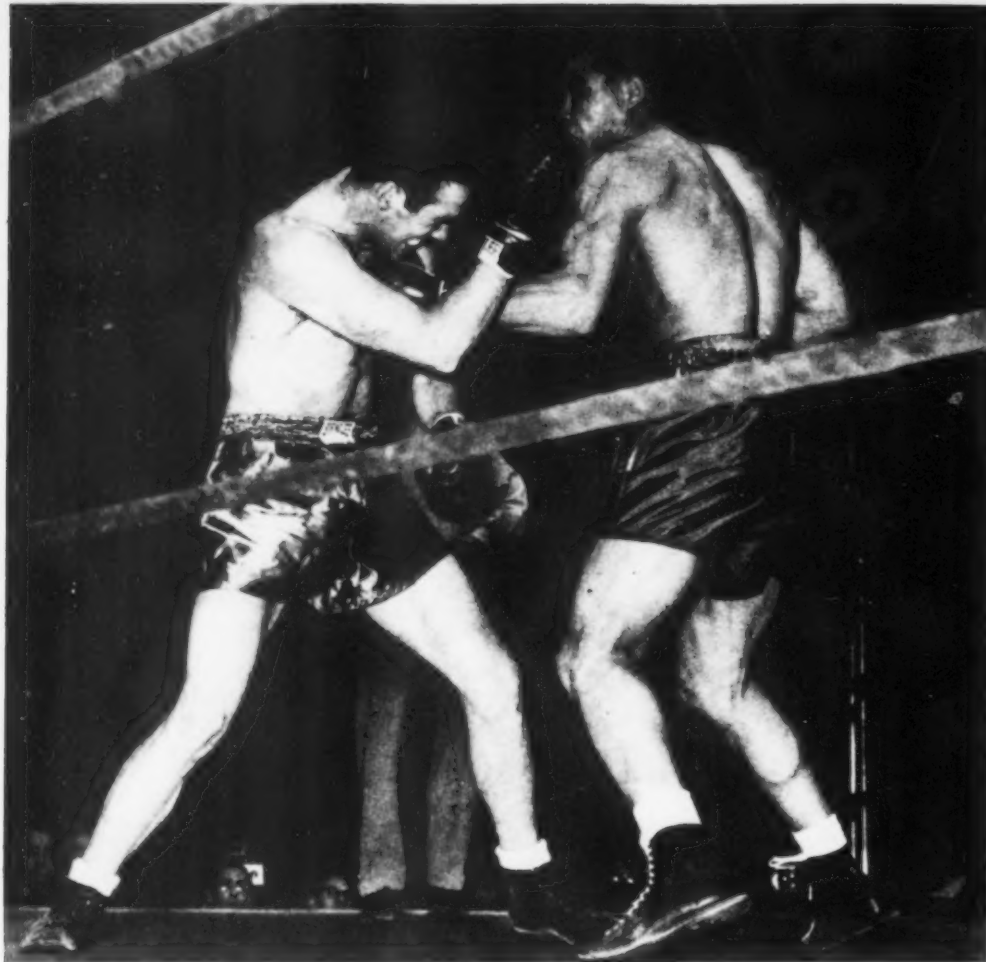
**J**OE LOUIS, the champion, was definitely worried as he came out for the 13th round of the heavyweight championship fight, five years ago this month, at the Polo Grounds in New York City. For the slim, handsome, challenger from Pittsburgh was giving him a beating, and unless he could score a knockout in the next three rounds, the heavyweight crown would change hands for the first time since 1937.

For a few fleeting, golden moments, Billy Conn, the challenger, had the heavyweight championship of the world firmly clenched in his right glove. Then he muffed his chance in the fatal 13th round, when he tried to slug it out with Louis instead of boxing with him. The Pittsburgh boy ended up in the prone position.

On the 19th of this month the eyes of the sporting world will be focused on New York City's Yankee Stadium, for once more Conn will attempt to wrest the heavyweight championship of the world from the Brown Bomber. Fight experts are calling the match the greatest natural in heavyweight boxing

TURN PAGE

KARL LUBENTHAL



Billy Conn winces as Joe Louis, the heavyweight champ, lands a hard left in an early round of their title fight five years ago. Experts say Conn was winning until he was knocked out in the 13th round

since Gene Tunney, the ex-Marine, gave Jack Dempsey a chance to regain the title at Chicago in 1927.

Conn had completely upset the expert's predictions in his first fight with Louis. A 13 to 5 underdog when he entered the ring, and outweighed by almost 25 pounds, it was the consensus of opinion he would be lucky to last three rounds. A few old-time sports

writers, like Hype Igoe and Damon Runyon, liked Billy's boxing skill so well, though, that they stuck their necks out and forecasted he would get the decision.

Louis was the complete master of the situation in the first two rounds. Around the ringside the experts were sagely, and sadly, nodding their heads and saying it couldn't last much longer. But in the third round, Conn began to find the range with his left, and scored repeatedly to Louis's head and body. From here on, with the possible exception of the fourth and sixth rounds, the fight was Conn's all the way. Louis seemed to have been drawn too fine in his training. He looked slow and listless.

Conn's footwork was superb, and he used his double left hook to the body and head to good effect. In the 12th the challenger hammered away with a vicious, two-fisted attack that left Louis groggy at the close of the round. Conn had the champ completely tied up throughout a good part of the bout. Motion pictures of the fight have shown that up to the 13th round the champion never touched Conn with his right hand — his best punch.

At the start of the 13th, Conn rushed eagerly from his corner for what he planned to be the kill. Joe took two backward steps and caught the Pittsburgh fighter flush on the jaw with a snapping left hook. Conn staggered and fell into a clinch, but Louis broke free and drove in five consecutive rights to Billy's jaw before Conn finally crumpled to the canvas. The Steel City battler was trying to struggle to his knees when the ten count came. It was very quick. Seldom has a heavyweight fight crowd seen the scales of victory shift so suddenly.

Will history repeat itself this month when Joe Louis once again puts the title on the block, or will Conn, heavier and benefiting from the experience gained in the previous fight, become the new heavyweight king of the world? Both men will be handicapped by their four-year layoff from the ring wars. Although both fought exhibitions and have kept in fair shape in the Army, neither has had a regulation bout since 1942. Louis's last fight, on March 27, 1942, resulted in a six-round kayo over Abe Simon, while Conn took a 12-round decision over Tony Zale on February 13 of the same year.



Conn lost his footing in the opening round and slipped to the deck, but bounced right up again

Born on October 8, 1917, in Pittsburgh, Conn started fighting as a middleweight in 1935. Although he won his first professional fight, his record for that year is on the whole rather unimpressive. He took seven wins, two by knockouts, and five losses. Then, in 1936, he demonstrated the form that was to gain him the world's light heavyweight championship, winning 24 consecutive bouts, three by knockouts.

It was on September 25, 1938, in Madison Square Garden, that Conn gained the light heavyweight championship, by pounding out a 15-round decision over Melio Bettina. He held the title until 1941 when he gave it up to fight Louis for the heavyweight crown. Conn's record to date shows a total of 52 wins, 11 by knockouts, and nine defeats.

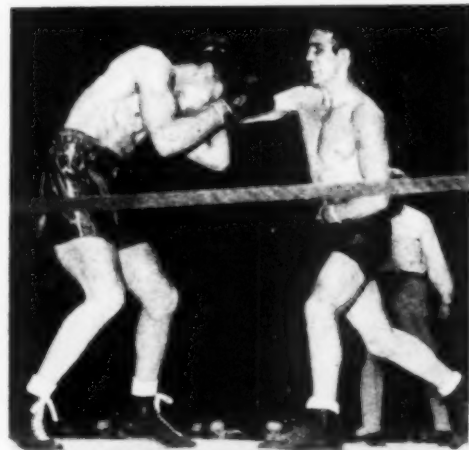
Unlike Louis, his rival, Conn is not particularly noted for his knockout punch. Conn depends chiefly on footwork and boxing skill to win his fights. His best punch is his left jab which he throws with lightning-like rapidity. Conn does not use the crouch style made famous by Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey. He is a straight-up fighter. He feels this stance allows him to move around more freely. Conn also uses a short right jab which would be impossible to throw from the crouch. Unlike most men who are over six feet in height, Conn is a top-notch infighter. Graceful in everything he does, he is probably the cleverest scientific boxer since Gene Tunney.

Known as the "fightingest" champion in heavyweight history, Joe Louis was born May 13, 1914, in Lexington, Alabama. Early in his youth he moved to Detroit, Michigan, and in 1934 started on the road that was eventually to bring him the world's championship and national renown. In all his 58 professional fights, Louis has lost only once — the surprising 12-round KO from Max Schmeling in 1936. Louis's amazing record shows 50 wins via the kayo route and seven by decisions.

After losing to Schmeling the Brown Bomber was given a crack at the title in 1937, held at that time by Jimmy Braddock. Braddock surprised the fans by putting the challenger on the mat early in the second round, but Louis came back strong and polished him off for keeps in the eighth round of the scheduled 15. In 1938 Schmeling was given first chance to take away Joe's newly won title. This time Joe gave the German no chance to get set and savagely tore him apart in the first round, getting him with a knockout.

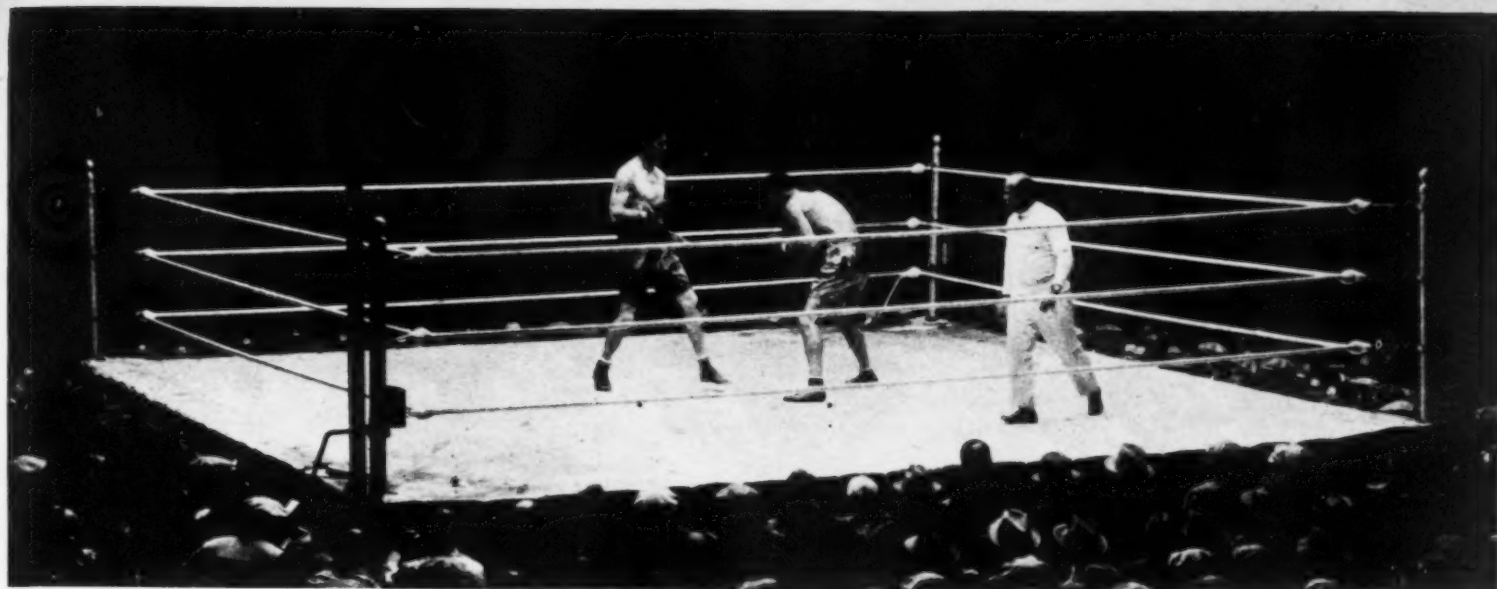
Counting Schmeling, only seven men have been able to go the distance with Louis. Joe met four of these in return matches and knocked each out. Natie Brown, who managed to stay ten rounds in 1935, was knocked out in four rounds in 1937; Schmeling failed to last one round; Bob Pastor, who stayed a scheduled ten rounds with Joe in 1937, was put away by the champion in 11 stanzas in 1939; Arturo Godoy, who almost made a monkey of Louis by his unorthodox style during a 15-round bout in the early part of 1940, lasted only eight rounds when they met again at the end of the year. The only other man able to go 15 rounds with the champion was Tommy Farr, in 1937. Louis never got a second shot at him. If one can judge from past performances, this record doesn't speak well for Conn's chances this month.

Some experts say Louis boxes like a machine, and that when he meets someone who has an unusual style, he has difficulty in adjusting himself to it. Possessing a good guard and a lethal punch in either



Louis was forced to cover up as the Pittsburgh battler scored with a hard right to the head





A tense moment in the second Dempsey-Tunney bout just before Jack hit Gene with a terrific right to the jaw for a nine-count in the seventh

round. Because Dempsey refused to go to the neutral corner the ref started the count again, giving Tunney a "long count" and more rest

hand, almost everything he does is perfect. Unlike a good many fighters today, he can throw a straight punch or hook equally well.

The drama of this forthcoming fight has all the interest that the two Dempsey-Tunney title fights had in 1926 and 1927, when most modern-day Marines were still in knee pants.

Tunney first gained recognition as a fighter while serving in France with the Marine Corps in 1919. Enlisting in the Corps shortly after the outbreak of the first World War, he fought his first bout as a Marine during his boot training at Parris Island. He took on a local slugger called Charles "Toughy" Murray and gave him a bad trouncing. After the war's end, the Army held a series of elimination bouts for the different weight classes, and Tunney, although weighing only 160 pounds, entered the heavyweight division and became the champion of the American Expeditionary Forces in 1919.

Following his mustering-out in 1920, Tunney decided to enter the professional ring. His objective was the heavyweight crown. Like Billy Conn, he became light heavyweight champion of the world, in 1922, when he took the title from Battling Levinsky, only to lose it a few months later when he dropped a 15-round decision to tricky Harry Greb. Later Tunney said the lessons he gained in losing to Greb, the only professional fight he ever lost, were instrumental in his winning the heavyweight title.

**G**ENE subsequently beat Greb three times in return matches and finally, in 1926, was given a chance for the crown held by the supposedly unbeatable Jack Dempsey. Before that bout Gene was presented a robe on behalf of the Marine Corps League, by Major General John A. Lejeune, then Commandant of the Corps, who traveled to Tunney's training camp in Pennsylvania for the occasion. The gown was blue, with a red lining, and had a big red Marine emblem on the back. On handing over the gift to Tunney, the general told him that "this gift represents the sentiment of all those who served with you overseas, and of the 18,000 men now in the service. Remember the Marines are behind you to a man."

On that rainy evening in Philadelphia's Sesqui-centennial Stadium, before a crowd of 120,757 fans, Tunney entered the ring as a four to one underdog in the betting. With the exception of two rounds, however, the fourth and seventh, he made the champion look like an amateur, and the stunned crowd saw the heavyweight title change hands, for the first time in history by a decision. Tunney fought his greatest fight, outpunching and outboxing the Manassa Mauler. In the tenth round it looked as if the challenger might knock the champ out, but unlike Billy Conn, Tunney was content to take it easy and box rather than slug it out. One writer described him as battling the champ "with the determination of a typical Marine."

Dempsey went into retirement, but was persuaded to try a comeback a few months later, and, in knocking out Jack Sharkey in seven rounds, earned another shot at the crown. The scene of this most-talked-of heavyweight fight was Chicago. Tunney

hadn't yet defended his title, and like this month's Louis-Conn fight, the contest had the public wild with excitement months ahead of time. More than 104,000 fans jammed Soldier's Field, paying \$2,658,660 (an all-time record) to see the affair.

Dempsey was confident he would whip Tunney in their return engagement. He was in much better shape than he had been for the first battle, and in knocking out Sharkey had demonstrated he still



Commanders Dempsey and Tunney are recalling memories of their heavyweight fighting days

possessed his vaunted punching ability of old. Tunney was certain, too, that he would retain the championship, and told reporters, "I'll trounce Jack Dempsey when we meet again. I'm not saying I'll knock him out, but Dempsey's in for a beating."

One section of the ringside seats had been reserved by Tunney for a group of Marines wounded in World War I and when the champion entered the ring they let go with a wild round of applause, shouting, "show him what a Leatherneck can do." Tunney had used a bit of psychology on the former champion, making him wait five minutes in the ring before he entered, and Dempsey was visibly nervous when the referee called the two to the center for instructions.

Thus began the most disputed fight in the history of the squared circle, with present-day boxing fans still arguing over its famous "long count." Tunney went to work on Dempsey in much the same way he had done in their previous bout, using excellent footwork, tying the ex-champ up, and scoring with short, hard lefts and rights to Jack's head and body. Dempsey, the fierce, aggressive type of fighter, was bobbing and weaving in and out from his crouch, attempting to get the ex-Marine set for one of his

punishing right-hand blows, but without much success.

Then, in the seventh round, it happened. Tunney, underestimating the distance to the ropes, backed into them and for a fraction of a second was off balance. Dempsey threw one of his murderous short right crosses that caught the champ on the jaw and he slumped to the resin.

Failing to live up to the pre-fight agreement both parties had made of going to the neutral corner in case of a knockdown, the Mauler instead stood glowering down practically over the fallen Tunney. Referee Barry started the count, but when he saw Dempsey had failed to go to the neutral corner stopped and motioned Jack away. Dempsey still refused to move, and finally the referee had to lead him to the other corner. A second count was started, but at nine, Tunney regained his feet. Most experts agree he had had the advantage of from 14 to 16 seconds of rest.

Tunney backpedaled for the rest of the stanza, preventing Dempsey from following up his advantage. In the eighth round, the champion, refreshed, turned the tables on Dempsey and put him on the deck for a no count. The remainder of the fight was all Tunney's and he again won on points.

A *Leatherneck* writer of that time, in describing Tunney's comeback after the seventh-round knockdown, wrote, "only James Joseph Tunney, man and gentleman and fighting Marine, knew he was not beaten. The Marines do not surrender..." The writer went on to say that Gene displayed a "sound knowledge of military tactics" when he conducted his "strategic retreat" in the seventh round! Tunney received \$990,445 for the fight, the largest amount ever given a contestant for a single match.

For all-around thrills and excitement it would be hard to duplicate this battle. Uncle Mike Jacobs, promoter for the Louis-Conn tussle this month, confidently expects that well over 100,000 people will pay better than a million dollars to see the drama. If he is right it will make the third time Joe Louis has participated in a fight drawing more than a million dollars. The second Louis-Schmeling contest had a \$1,015,612 gate, while the Louis-Baer tussle drew \$1,000,832. The last time Conn and the champion got together 60,071 fans paid \$451,743 to see it.

The Brown Bomber's earnings to date have been \$2,378,366.28, and his fight with Conn should add a sizable chunk to this total.

The similarity in the roles of the present contestants to those of the past are easy to see. Conn, like Tunney, is the cleverest boxer in the ring today, while Louis, like his predecessor Jack Dempsey, possesses the deadliest punch. The parallel stops there, though, for Louis is a far better boxer, in the orthodox sense, than was the Mauler.

In defending his title for the 22nd time, Louis goes into the ring with a record of 19 knockouts and two decisions. If Conn is to win he must wage an almost perfect fight, without a single slip or blunder. This was clearly demonstrated in their last go — for Louis, like Dempsey, needs only a fraction of a second to deliver that knockout punch.



**EX-MARINE FLYER  
TED WILLIAMS—**

THE BIG GUN OF BOTH THE BOSTON RED SOX AND THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

...TED FIGURES THE CORPS IMPROVED HIS SHARP-SHOOTING... "TAKING SHOTS AT THAT RIGHT FIELD FENCE ISN'T AS TOUGH AS HITTING A SLEEVE TARGET FROM A CORSAIR!"



JOHN PESKY, EX-NAVY

AWN, HUP, REEZ HEEZ OUT THE NAVY AND THE ARMY COMBINE TO FORM THE SOX' HOT KEYSTONE PAIR— BOBBY DOERR, EX-ARMY

# The Pros

**Baseball's war vets v  
championship race v**

by Arthur Mielke

(Editor's note:—Material for *The Pros Are Back* was obtained by Corporal Karl Hubenthal and Arthur Mielke, first-hand, during a tour of the spring training camps in Florida, where three fourths of the major-league teams had their pre-season workouts.)

THE ball had "hit" written all over it as it whizzed past the pitcher and out toward center field. But it never got there. Instead, it landed momentarily in the gloved hand of one Harold "Peewee" Reese, Brooklyn Dodger shortstop, and then found itself in the first baseman's mitt while a chagrined runner charged futilely into the bag. Ex-Navy Chief Reese had raced far over to his left the moment the bat hit the ball and had made one of his sensational prewar plays.

"Wotta catch," ejaculated a young baseball writer from his vantage point in the press box high over the playing field.

"Aw, that's nothing," grunted a blasé veteran scribe in reply. "Ya know the pros are back."

Yes, the pros are back. Once more baseball fans will be able to see the Ted Williamses, the Joe Di Maggios, the Stan Musials, the Hank Greenbergs and other sluggers put the fear of God into opposing pitchers. Once more baseball scorers will not feel obliged to perjure themselves and call ground balls which are slightly out of reach of war years' shortstops, "base hits." And, once more, the fans will be able to see the Bob Fellers, the Hugh Caseys, and the Ted Lyonses mowing down the batters.

Reams of copy from sports writers' portables have told of the probability of such and such a veteran becoming the batting champ; of Joe Whoosis leading the pitchers; of the pennant chances of the Yanks; of the Red Sox or of the Tigers. But none touched on a subject that was the talk of the spring training season: the new spirit and enthusiasm which the war veterans have brought back with them to the game.

The impact of returning veterans on big-league baseball can best be shown by an estimate that not more than 30 per cent of the wartime "big-leaguers" will be back in the lineups. The minor-league brand of ball seen on the big-league diamonds during the war will this year be back where it belongs.

An unwitting tribute to the greatly improved caliber of baseball was paid by one of the Yankee pitchers, Floyd Bevens.

"Last season," said Bevens, scratching his head during a workout, "a line drive would go whistling past your ears and you'd turn and watch the center fielder chase the ball. This year you look around just in time to watch a double play."

The team that is least affected by the war's end



BROOKLYN'S MIGHTY MIDGET, "PEE-WEE"

REESE—BACK CAVORTING AT SHORT AFTER A HALF-HITCH IN THE NAVY...

LONG AND LANKY WILLIAMS' EASY SWING BELIES HIS POWER AT THE PLATE...

Daytona Beach, FLA.

FROM NAVY CHIEF TO INDIAN CHIEF... THE CLEVELAND INDIANS' PRIDE AND JOY,

**BOB FELLER**

THAT HIGH, HARD ONE—

THE FAMOUS ARM PUMPS UP AND DOWN AND—WHAM!... THERE'S TH' BALL IN THE CATCHER'S MITT!!



Clearwater, FLA.



REPP  
EZ OUT  
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FOR A BIG GUY,  
CHARLEY  
KELLER IS  
SURPRISINGLY  
NIMBLE



JOE GORDON-  
JUST AS  
POTENT IN  
THE INFIELD  
AS HE IS  
AT THE  
PLATE!



ARMY LIFE  
HASN'T SEEMED  
TO HURT OL'  
**JOLTIN' JOE  
DI MAGGIO**  
... HE'S BACK AT  
HIS FENCE-BUSTIN'  
BEST !!



St. Pete, FLA.

# are Back!

ets  
ace  
went into the '46  
with a new hustle

is the Chicago Cubs. Every other of the 16 clubs is to a great extent improved by the return of men who during the war years have served with the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

"Never saw anything like it in all my years in baseball," Doc Rohde, trainer of the Cincinnati Reds, said in a discussion of the new spirit and enthusiasm. "Before the war all these players seemed bored with everything. Important games or plays didn't mean a thing to them. Now it's different. Now they show more enthusiasm in practice than they used to show in games. The service must have done something to them. Or maybe they realize they'll have to fight to get back into prewar trim. All know, of course, they've got just that many fewer years in baseball. It made a lot of the big-name players think..."

Ted Williams's 1946 attitude is one of the best examples of this. Even in pre-season training he showed the hustle and spirit that big-league stars seldom show. As one of the biggest names in baseball, he certainly does not have to work at keeping his spot in the outfield, despite his occasional fielding "eccentricities." Manager Joe Cronin would probably put big Ted in at shortstop, the toughest fielding position there is, if that were necessary to keep this terrific hitter in the lineup.

When the boys left the big leagues for the service, they left swank hotels, breakfast in bed, the ultimate in chow, the adulation of millions. The transition wasn't painless. It sometimes had ex-big-league players biting their lips while saying "Sir" to an officer — an officer who only months before may have raced down to a field after a ball game and begged for an autograph.

Whatever the reason for this new and entirely strange attitude on the part of the returned stars, ball team owners and managers are delighted. And best of all for the national pastime, the "bug" not only bit the players; it bit whole teams as well.

Practically every team in the big leagues had "ideas" for this season. Even the humble Phillies, perennial door mat of the National League, have their own peculiar aim — in their case, getting out of the league cellar. In keeping with this aim, a pixie-ish Ben Chapman, the Alabama gentleman who took over managing the lowly club when Fat Freddie Fitzsimmons gave up midway through the '45 season, had the covers of the team's home score card adorned with a cartoon showing a husky Philly player, with bat in hand, emerging from a cellar.

Let's see what Ben thinks will be able to snap the so-called "Phutle Phils" out of a position they relinquished only once in the past eight years, and a position that gives rise to many gibes. One of them goes like this: the fillies never win in the Kentucky Derby nor in the National League.

**Sketches by Corp. Karl Hubenthal**  
Leatherneck Staff Artist



**TOMMY HENRICH**  
PEGGS IT  
BACK TO  
TH' INFIELD  
AFTER AN  
EASY OUT-



THOSE ST. LOUIS  
SWIFTIES ARE  
LOOSE AGAIN!  
-TERRY  
MOORE  
BEATS  
THE  
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IN TO  
LONNIE  
FREY  
OF THE  
REDS



-OUT OF  
THE ARMY  
IN TIME TO  
HELP WIN THE  
DENNANT AND  
THE SERIES  
LAST YEAR -  
DETROIT'S  
"BIG STICK"  
**HANK**

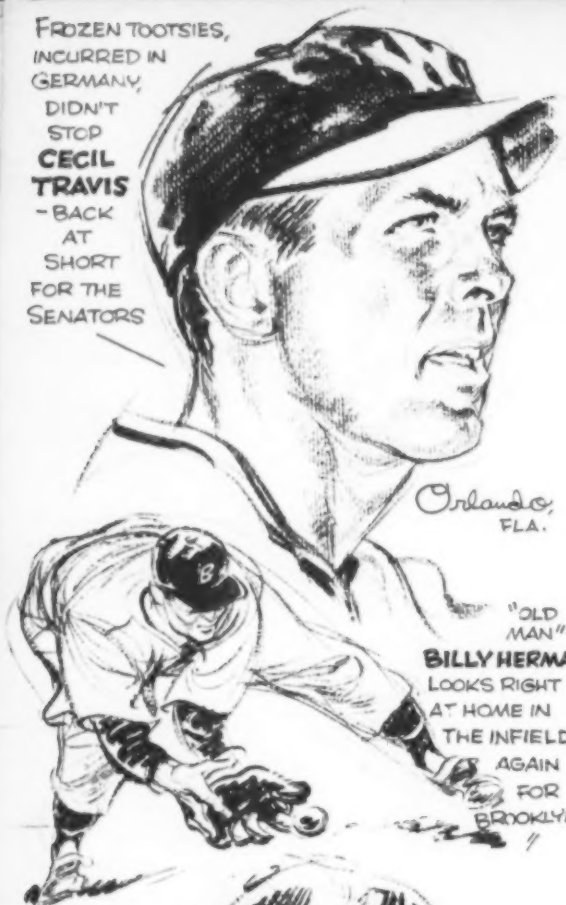
**GREENBERG**  
SHOULD PROVE EVEN  
MORE VALUABLE  
THIS YEAR -  
\$60,000-WORTH!!

YOU  
CAN SEE  
BIG HANK'S  
SHOULDERS  
GET BEHIND  
THE BAT  
WHEN HE  
SWINGS TO  
MEET TH'  
BALL

Lakeland, FLA.

Karl Hubenthal

FROZEN TOOTSIES,  
INCURRED IN  
GERMANY,  
DIDN'T  
STOP  
**CECIL  
TRAVIS**  
- BACK  
AT  
SHORT  
FOR THE  
SENATORS



Orlando,  
FLA.

"OLD  
MAN"  
**BILLY HERMAN**  
LOOKS RIGHT  
AT HOME IN  
THE INFIELD  
AGAIN  
FOR  
BROOKLYN

CARDINAL  
ACE  
**HOWARD  
POLLET**,  
LATE OF THE  
AIR CORPS,  
HAS  
HIS....



...OLD TEXAS  
LEAGUE BUDDY  
**FRED  
MARTIN**  
PITCHING WITH  
HIM AGAIN  
AFTER 42  
MONTHS  
OVERSEAS!!



ST. LOUIS ROOKIE  
**DICK SISLER**  
REACHES FOR A WIDE  
THROW TO FIRST AS  
**BILL ROBINSON**  
OF CLEVELAND  
CROSSES  
SAFELY—



## THE PROS ARE BACK (continued)

Like most managers, Ben could field a team composed almost entirely of veterans. As it is, his outfield is two-thirds service. Only Vince Di Maggio, of baseball's Barrymore family, didn't get into Uncle Sam's uniform. Ron Northey, the 26-year-old sensation of the 1943-44 seasons, who is touted as one of baseball's greatest outfielders, and old up-and-down Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian of earlier days on the Chicubs, round out the better-than-average outfield.

Ben's infield, consisting of the redoubtable Frank McCormick, lately of the Cincinnati Reds, Jimmie Tabor, onetime Red Soxer and more recently the property of the armed services, and two comparative unknowns in the middle, is regarded kindly as mediocre. One of the unknowns, by the way, if he can hang on through the season, is Emmet Mueller. Thirty-three-year-old Emmet didn't come along so fast this spring. It seems that he picked up several and assorted chunks of shrapnel while fighting inside Germany early last year and spent 11 months in the hospital.

Included on the pitching staff of the Shibe Park aggregation are two other battle veterans. Back from three years' service with the Marines comes 28-year-old right-hander Ike Pearson, who left an unimposing Philly team with an equally unimposing 1 won-6 lost record. At the season's outset, however, the Grenada, Miss., hurler was feeling his oats and had visions of a good summer with the "rephitalized" Phils. He served with the Third Marine Air Wing and was on hand for the Saipan-Tinian operations. At the war's end he was working on forming a ball team at the air wing to compete against Dan Topping's Pearl Harbor group and other mid-Pacific clubs.

Left-handed Frank Hoerst, 28, who left the Phils with a poor record in 1942, turned in notable overseas accomplishments. This native Philadelphian went into the Navy with a record of four wins and 16 losses. After combat training he was assigned to duty as gunnery officer of an armed guard unit aboard a cargo vessel. Frank served aboard ships that were attacked a total of 81 times by planes and submarines. He saw duty during the early days of the war in cargo runs to Murmansk and Archangel in northern Russia while the Nazi subs patrolled the area; during the mid-war period, in the Mediterranean; and in the last stages, in the Pacific. He was aboard a ship that brought units of the Fifth Marine Division into Sasebo, Japan, after the final surrender.

**DEE MOORE**, 32, is another ex-Marine expected to help Chapman in practically any department. He went to the wars in '43. A catcher by profession, Dee pulled a switch act while playing for the Pearl Harbor Marine team, and pitched a one-hitter against a strong Navy team which included Brooklyn pitcher Hugh Casey and catcher Rollie Hemsley, who this year became the property of the Phils. Old Pirate catcher Aubrey "Yo-Yo" Epps, at the time a Marine corporal and veteran of the fighting on Roi-Namur, Saipan-Tinian and Iwo Jima, did the receiving that day. On another occasion, Moore played third base for the Marines,

handled six grounders without a miscue and got two for four at the plate.

At the season's beginning the experts' lineup of the clubs had the Phillies ending the year in seventh place. With his new-found postwar strength to back him up, however, it's no secret that Manager Chapman has set his sights much higher than that. He is aiming at (we know this is heresy but we're sold on this "spirit" thing so we'll pass it along to you as a possibility) the first division. Just to give you an idea of the magnitude of Ben's task, the Phillies haven't been in the first division since 1932 when they finished fourth. And before that they hadn't hit the top four any later than 1917 when they actually finished second.

Another team that seems singularly endowed with the new pep and ginger is one that experts say needs none of it — the golden St. Louis Cardinals. Despite the fact that this club was not the '45 league champion, no one gives any other a look-in for the National League pennant. One writer went so far as to say that the Cards could finish 1-2 if granted another league franchise because it has such depth of talent. They almost have to field an all ex-service outfield trio, since only one of their first-line outfielders is not a veteran. The No. 1 contingent of Stan Musial, Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter were in service for a year or longer. Enos did duty on Tinian as a member of the Army Air Force.

Standing directly behind these stars is handsome Harry Walker, another outfielder, who can do everything well on a ball field. He was shot in the buttocks while fighting in Europe. This doesn't seem to slow him up any though, for he's one of the fastest men on the squad.

Then, close behind the big four come Dan Litwhiler and Al Schoendienst, both ex-servicemen. Schoendienst plays both infield and outfield equally well. The only way Eddie Dyer, the Cards' new manager, can get other than a veteran into the outfield would be to use Elvie Adams, who is rated pretty far down the line.

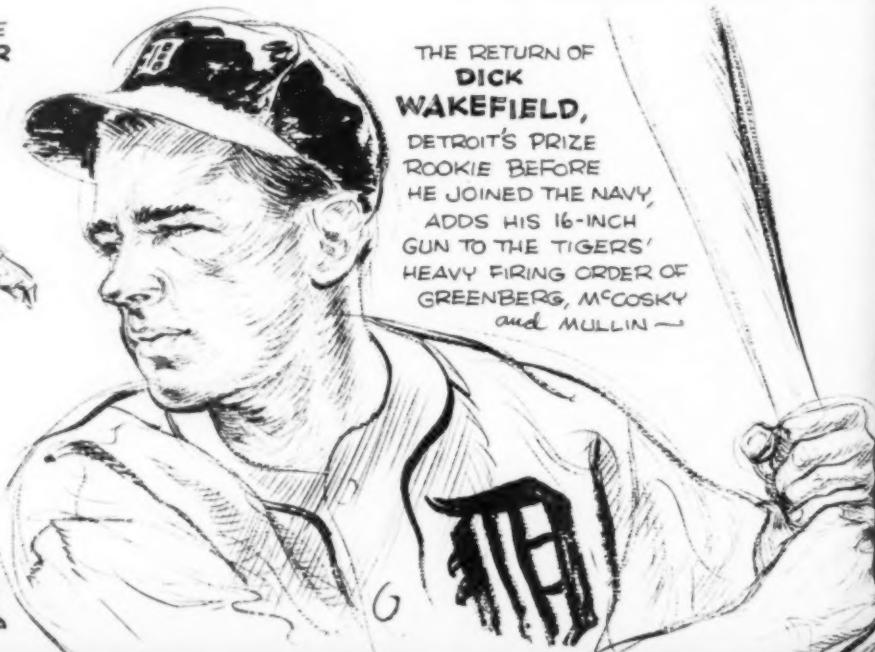
As for other positions it appears that only at second base and in the pitcher's box will returning servicemen have helped the club. The "logical" Lou Klein, a returned veteran, is doing the work at second.

Of the Cards' exceptionally good pitching staff, most have seen war service. Big John Grodzicki, 29-year-old right-hander, returns as one of the most outstanding hurlers. He went into the Army in 1941. At that time Dyer, then manager of the Houston club, termed Big John the "best pitcher in the minors." Grodzicki did very well as a paratrooper at Fort Benning — so well that he was kept there as an instructor for a while. But he didn't want that kind of duty and requested he be sent overseas.

So it was that following the final crossing of the Rhine at Wesel in March, 1945, he received a shrapnel wound in his right thigh. So bad was the wound that he was on crutches up until early this year. In the first Card practices he wore a brace around his right leg, but he still looked so good that Dyer assured him he'd remain with the team at least until he was completely recovered.

Included on the Card pitching roster are a pair of the Damon-Pythias type. Both pitched for Dyer's 1941 Houston aggregation. Both had terrific records

THE RETURN OF  
**DICK  
WAKEFIELD**,  
DETROIT'S PRIZE  
ROOKIE BEFORE  
HE JOINED THE NAVY,  
ADDS HIS 16-INCH  
GUN TO THE TIGERS'  
HEAVY FIRING ORDER OF  
GREENBERG, MCCOSKY  
and MULLIN—





that year. One of them, Howard Pollet, had 20 wins and three losses, and a 1.16 earned-run average; the other, Fred Martin, had 23 wins and six losses, and an e.r.a. of 1.54.

Both were earmarked for the Cards when the war started. As luck and the draft would have it, the older of the pair, Martin, was called up before he even had a chance to don a Card uniform, while Pollet, who was only 21 then, went on up to become a star Card hurler. He wasn't called into service until 1943.

So it develops now that 30-year-old Martin, with 42 months of overseas duty under his belt, has returned to big-league time as a rookie while Howie, still only 24 years old, resumes as a veteran big-leaguer. Both are expected to do a lot of pitching this year.

Martin is acclaimed by Card Coach Mike Gonzalez as the greatest fielding pitcher he has ever seen. Young Pollet, an already seasoned campaigner, pitched three straight shutouts for the Cards in mid-1943, immediately before he was called to the colors.

Of the other Card hurlers, Johnny Beazley, star of the 1942 team; Howard Krist, who got a Purple Heart during action in Europe; and Alpha Brazle, are all returned veterans.

**O**N the basis of early season predictions it is no secret, either, that the powerful Cards fully expect to cop the pennant. Manager Dyer is sold on hustle and harmony. He says that what he is aiming for is a combination of the hustle of the old "Gas-house Gang" of 1934 and the speed of the 1942 aggregation.

"My team may be outhit or outfielded on occasion," he will say, "but it will never be outhustled."

As you look over at the American League, individual names, rather than whole clubs, stand out. When you think of the Yankees, you think of Joe "Yankee Clipper" Di Maggio. Think of Red Sox and you can see nothing but big, good-looking Ted Williams. Hammerin' Hank Greenberg or maybe even Dick Wakefield is called to mind when you think of the Tigers. Except for Hank, who got into the Tiger lineup for a brief stretch at the end of last season, all the afore-mentioned sluggers are back this season for the first time in years. All are expected to spark their clubs down to the finish line in September so that they will occupy the top three spots in an order yet to be determined.

The very guts of the Yankees were lifted out when Joe Di Maggio and spark-plug Phil Rizzuto went into the Army shortly after the '42 World Series, which the Yankees lost to the Cards. Previously, on Labor Day of that year, Tommy Henrich had gone into the Coast Guard. After the victorious '43 World Series, Joe Gordon went into the Army Air Force. Then, by dribbles, the rest of that excellent wartime club was drafted into the service.

Now, what have they got? Well, the Yanks, with all due respect to the Cardinals, appear to have again the finest outfield in baseball. In Joe Di Maggio they have one of baseball's immortals. Joe Cronin goes so far as to call the San Francisco Italian "The greatest ballplayer of all time." Whether Di Maggio rates any higher than Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth is, of course, a matter of debate.

That he is a top-notch outfielder and one of the greatest players in the game cannot be questioned. Either Tommy Henrich or Charlie Keller could easily make any other outfield in the big leagues.

The infield may be only half-veteran. On either side of the keystone sack are two ex-servicemen, Gordon and Rizzuto. With either Buddy Hasset or Johnny Sturm holding down first base, the infield is three-quarters ex-service. The only non-service infielder who appears to be a fixture is Snuffy Stirnweiss, at third. Behind the plate it may be ex-sailor Bill Dickey. Thirty-eight-year-old Bill would probably be doing most of the catching nowadays for the Bronx Bombers except for a pre-season injury. He'll be in there, though, as the pennant fight really gets under way.

Most of the Yankee pitching corps is ex-service. Old Spud Chandler is back for a full season after getting into three games at the tail end of the '45 season. The veteran is 36 years old but at the opening of the season seemed to be in as good shape as he ever was. Then there's the ultra-new Bill Wight, left-hander extraordinary, who at present writing is not yet the legal property of the Yankees, but who played with the club through spring training, following a three-year stint in the Army. Of the other ex-service pitchers, Big Charlie Stanceu and Steve Peek both had notable war records. Both served in the ETO, Peek seeing action as a tank commander during the engagement at Bastogne and in other battles.

As we said before, when you think of the Red Sox you think of big, 27-year-old Ted Williams, lately of the Marines. Ted, who probably is the greatest hitter today and possibly is the greatest natural hitter of all times, went into service in 1942 as a naval air cadet. It wasn't until late '45 that the San Diego boy was sent overseas. A few days after he landed at Pearl the war was over.

To put it mildly, Ted was one of the problem children of baseball before the war. When he came up to the big time with the Red Sox for a very brief spell in 1937, he really burned the players up with his cockiness. When he caught on with the club in 1939, it was only his ability to stay abreast of his boasts that made him bearable. On one occasion his antics caused Manager Joe Cronin to bench him. But, according to all the latest dope, he is a reformed character. They still call him a character, though. How could the guy who pulled the stunt at the Yankee Stadium that day be anything but a "character."

The Red Sox were in the big city to play a series with the Yanks and as usual Dickey and the Yank pitchers were worrying about how to pitch to Ted.

"Leave him to me, today," said Bill, just before the first game of the series. So it happened that when Ted came up to bat for the first time, Bill started to fix something on his mask while saying to Ted that he, Dickey, thought Ted a great left-handed hitter, but that other people were claiming he could hit only to right field.

"Yeah," said Bill, "I said to this one guy that while I never saw you hit to left that that was no indication that you couldn't do it."

Ted looked Bill up and down but said nothing. Bill signalled for an inside pitch. Ted swung. It was a pop out to the shortstop. Next time up, Bill

again called for inside pitches. Again Ted tried to push the ball into left field. Once more he popped out. It happened a total of four times. Finally, at Ted's last appearance at the plate, he noticed Dickey grinning at him. With the first pitch, another of those inside ones, Ted stepped back and clouted it into the right field stands.

"Guess those guys were right, after all," he shouted back to Dickey, and started on his jaunt around the bases.

But Ted seems to have come around. Maybe it was the Marine Corps that did it. Anyway, Joe Cronin is going all the way with Ted this year. This doesn't mean the Boston manager does not realize he has another couple of ex-service guys around second base, named Bobby Doerr and John Pesky. This pair make up either the No. 1 or the No. 2 keystone combination in the big leagues, depending on whether you are a resident of 1—Boston, or 2—New York.

For third base, either Ernie Andres or Eddie Pellagrini keeps the infield at the three-fourths service quota. Only Rudy York, late of the Tigers, who holds down first base, cannot lay claim to benefits under the GI Bill. Catcher Hal Wagner, who batted .330 during his last year in the majors, is back from service. The No. 2 Bosox backstop, Eddie McGah, is another veteran. He was leading hitter in a mid-Pacific league while playing with the Base Hospital No. 8 nine. The outer pastures of Fenway Park will, with the return of ex-serviceman Dom Di Maggio, be at least two-thirds ex-service. Bespectacled 28-year-old Dom went into the service in 1942. The third job was still open at this writing.

If ex-Marine Sam Mele, former New York University star, could have made right field, it would have made the outfield two-thirds Marine. But that wasn't in the cards. Sam was seagoing after getting out of college, serving time on the *USS Ranger*. Because of his lack of experience in pro ball, he'll probably play Double A ball this year, and possibly come up to the big time next year.

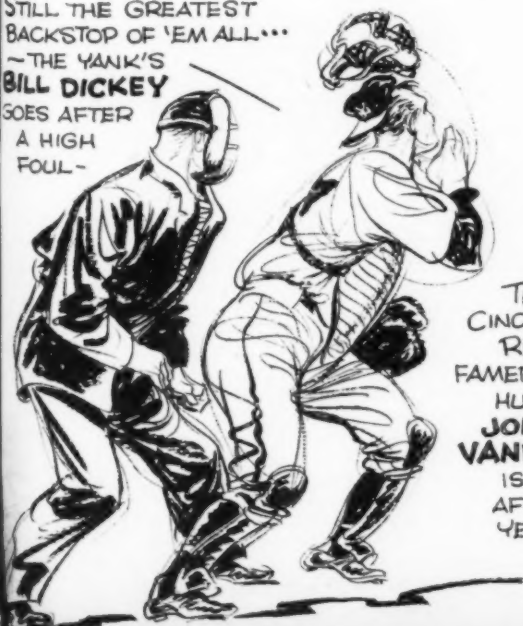
As for the pitching department, Joe Cronin thanks his lucky stars the war is over. Back to help Dave Ferriss, last year's 20-game winner, is another possible 20-gamer, Tex Hughson. Bill Butland, Earl Johnson and Larry Powell have also returned from war duty to bolster the hurling staff. Butland saw service with the GIs in the Philippines but it remained for Johnson to hit the jackpot of probably all big-leaguers for overseas accomplishments. In action on European battle fronts for 190 straight days, Earl first won a Bronze Star and a commission for bravery in action. Later, also while fighting the Germans, he was awarded the Silver Star and given a promotion on merit. Powell also saw action overseas. In fact, it's difficult to find other than an ex-serviceman on the Red Sox pitching roster.

In doping out the American League race, many experts look no further than the Yanks and Bosox. They seem to lose sight of the fact that a club called the Detroit Tigers won the pennant last year and then went on to cop the World Series. The Tigers haven't gotten any worse. In fact, they could field an all ex-service team that would come very close to their regular lineup, which is almost all ex-service, anyway.

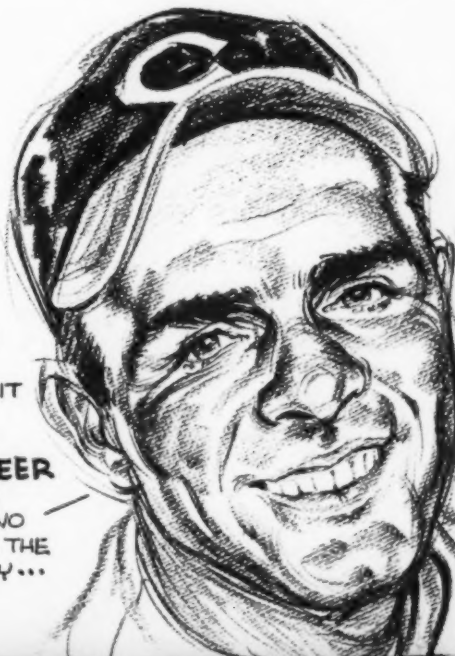
At this writing it appears the only non-servicemen  
*Continued on page 48*

STILL THE GREATEST  
BACKSTOP OF 'EM ALL...

~THE YANK'S  
BILL DICKEY  
GOES AFTER  
A HIGH  
FOUL~



THE  
CINCINNATI  
'REDS'  
FAMED NO-HIT  
HURLER  
JOHNNY  
VANDERMEER  
IS BACK  
AFTER TWO  
YEARS IN THE  
NAVY...



MAINSTAY  
OF THE  
RED SOX'  
PITCHING  
STAFF -  
EX-DOGGIE  
TEX  
HUGHSON



Jampar  
FLA.

★ ★

**This Marine Corps officer  
was called back to the States  
to look out for the  
welfare of the  
returning veterans**

**N**O GROUP of veterans in United States history have been accorded more benefits for their service than those of World War II. Complicated as the process may seem, these benefits are available to all who know how to take advantage of the opportunities offered them under the law. In order that ex-servicemen might be properly informed as to their rights, Congress authorized the Retraining and Re-employment Administration.

**MAJOR GENERAL GRAVES B. ERSKINE**

He was returned from Guam



# The General's Job and Readjustment

by PFC Herbert Moller  
Leatherstock Staff Writer

Under Marine Major General Graves B. Erskine, one of the outstanding leaders of the war, the R & RA is one of the veteran's most reliable sources of information and aid.

There is no direct connection between the Veterans Administration and R & RA. The task of the latter, as delineated by law, is to have general supervision and to co-ordinate all government agencies engaged in the retraining, re-employment, vocational education and rehabilitation of the veterans. Only the Veterans Administration itself is excepted from Gen. Erskine's supervision.

The story of the R & RA begins with the 1943 report of Bernard Baruch and John Hancock on "War and Postwar Adjustment Policies." These two recommended, as the core of their program for veterans, the establishment of a "work director" who would unify "under a single, unforgetful mind" all of the government agencies concerned with the employment problems of demobilized servicemen and war workers.

Several months later, acting on this recommendation, President Roosevelt ordered the establishment of such an administration and put in charge the already harassed and overburdened General Frank Hines, then VA head. R & RA never really had a chance under Hines. He served as nominal head of the organization from mid-1944, until his retirement in June, 1945.

When General Omar Bradley relinquished his Army command to take over the reins of the Veterans Administration, he did not inherit the auxiliary R & RA. The post remained open until President Truman named Gen. Erskine to fill it. Following Hines' retirement, R & RA was transferred from the Office of War Mobilization to the Department of Labor, of which it is now a part.

Gen. Erskine was on Guam with units of the Third Marine Division, which he commanded, when he received an urgent summons to Washington. Upon his arrival at the national capital, he went directly to the White House and there conferred with the President. The following day Gen. Erskine accepted the post of administrator of the R & RA.

People outside of Washington, who knew the new R & RA chief for his feats on Iwo Jima and other Pacific battlegrounds, wondered why he was chosen for the post. The need was for a statesman who knew the fundamentals of organization. A professional soldier seemed hardly suitable.

It soon became clear that Gen. Erskine was one of the few men in the country well-trained in the dual role of soldier-statesman. He had already demonstrated his ability as an educator. Within two weeks after VJ-Day, he and two assistants had established a Third Division school with an enrollment greater than most Stateside colleges have.

The veteran of Iwo Jima faced a disheartening job with his new assignment. Government agencies, set up to aid veterans of World War II, were tangled in a maze of overlapping effort, and the inefficient application of skills belonging to a host of technical specialists who were supposed to aid every ex-



serviceman needing their particular type of help. He attacked the problem with vigor, allotting assignments so that each specialist would have the job he was best suited for in the revitalized program. He juggled dozens of agencies in the administration until their functions were clearly defined and co-ordinated.

Then he contacted leading civic groups throughout the nation. Through 18 field representatives, Gen. Erskine brought home the point that servicemen's information centers were necessary in every city of at least 10,000 population. About 15,000 such communities exist in the United States.

It wasn't hard to convince the cities. It soon became possible to show the returning serviceman the part he had to play in the postwar plans of a community. He was shown that it was up to him to take active part in the social, political and economic life of his neighbors, making himself a valuable asset to the community. Three months after Gen. Erskine



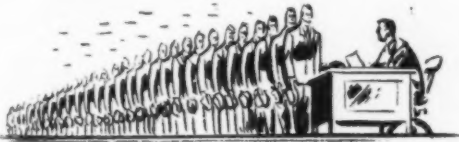
# Operation Smokey

BY SGT. JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

made his plea to the nation, 1500 centers had come under the wing of the R & RA.

The resultant advantages these new centers provided were many. Possibly the most important was the continuous flow from R & RA Headquarters of information concerning proposed national and state legislation designed to aid veterans. An example of the difficult organizational tasks fieldworkers faced was encountered in New York City. Here there were more than 700 different agencies and welfare groups which were, in one way or another, trying to aid returned servicemen of that city. They included the U.S. Employment Service, the Civil Service Commission, the Veterans Administration, the Department of Agriculture, the Red Cross, the Henry Street Settlement, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion.

This "Tower of Babel" situation disappeared when the R & RA arrived on the scene. The first task of the organizational committee was to decide on a centrally located structure that would contain adequate space for a one-stop agency where the ultimate benefit for the veteran could be provided. The old Board of Education Building at 500 Park Avenue was selected and soon made ready for business. In no time at all the center was answering



queries of more than 1000 veterans a day. On 24 January 1946, the local R & RA chief spoke at a ceremony observing an occasion when the 250,000th veteran received aid from the center.

Co-ordination of federal, state, city and private service enables a veteran to clear up a half-dozen different questions in a single afternoon. Since these centers are in daily contact with many thousands of veterans, each can see the day-to-day changes in the general pattern of veteran needs. Problems that did not exist at the time the first men were discharged are evident today and must be met with an intelligent approach.

Whenever a problem appears that cannot be handled through the present facilities, a center may call on the Advisory Council for help. The council seeks to supply the additional aid by employing the services of a new agency, or having one of the already functioning contributors increase its facilities to handle the new problem.

Simple information, such as "who to see" and "where to go," is supplied by receptionists at the big New York center. More complicated queries are dealt with by members of the interviewing staff — men who are qualified to recommend specific action for the veteran. Counseling staffs, furnished by the government and by private agencies, are also on hand to help.

Representatives of the U.S. Employment Service and the U.S. and New York City Civil Service Commissions offer guidance in the selection of postwar work. They have at their finger tips information on wage scales, labor market conditions, job openings and on-the-job training programs.

From a second group, veterans can obtain information on the GI Bill of Rights and general legal advice. Medical advice and service is available through consultants maintained by the city's Health Department; its Department of Education and Board of Higher Education provide advisors on that phase of reconversion, and the Red Cross is on the spot to help veterans with their claims for pensions, mustering-out pay, back-allowance pay and other monetary considerations.

For those whose personal problems are a drawback in readjustment to civilian life, there is a staff of people who have behind them a wide experience in helping others with that sort of trouble. Finally, there are the experts on business — men who have gained recognition for their sound judgment in a particular field.

These helpful businessmen, or their counterparts in any city center, use their knowledge of the locale in gauging a veteran's chances of success at a given type of enterprise. These advisory panels attempt to provide priority in the procurement of scarce ma-

**E**LEMENTS of the recently disbanded Sixth Marine Division are on their way home, but the men of these outfits are not entirely happy. On first glance this is hard to understand, for the Sixth threw a lethal punch on Okinawa and is covered with battle honors. It seems, however, that the campaigning of the division did not end with the cessation of combat. For the Sixth cannot get one of its sergeants back into this country.

The sergeant in question is eight years old. His name is Smokey, and he is a tiny, button-eyed Chinese boy. His entry into the Sixth was somewhat informal, for the men of that division dug him out of a trash barrel in Tsingtao. At this point, Smokey didn't look very promising; no one would have thought that he was of sergeant caliber in a proud line outfit. But the kid got deloused and uniformed, and showed an astonishing capacity for Marine spirit. Today he is Platoon Sergeant Smokey, and don't you forget it. His name and rank are carried officially on the division records. Smokey deserves this, for he is parade ground material.

The unsentimental men in the Immigration Department cannot grasp the fact that Sgt. Smokey is a member in good standing of a reputable military organization. They act as if the ex-waif of Tsingtao were just another applicant

for entry into the United States, and announce that the Chinese quota is full through 1947. So far, no reasonable amount of explanation has been able to convince them that a sergeant with rockers belongs with his men.

The men of the Sixth, having successfully negotiated such minor obstacles as mortar fire and pillboxes, take a dim view of such official stubbornness. They have, therefore, begun intensive work on "Operation Smokey," and the plan is gaining considerable support in this country. The Los Angeles Herald-Express has been out swinging editorially for the vest-pocket sergeant, and people are sending in checks to support his claim for admission. A prominent Chinese resident of Los Angeles has offered to take Smokey into his home and educate the boy.

Sgt. Smokey, meanwhile, goes on pulling guard duty in Tsingtao. He does it smartly, too, but he has to carry a carbine because the M-1 is considerably taller than he is. The smiling little orphan looks like the bottom half of a full-grown Marine as he moves delightedly among the tall warriors from the States. The fight to bring him home looks rugged at this point, but the men of the Sixth Division are getting grim about it. The last time they got grim, somebody got moved out. Don't sell "Operation Smokey" short. **END**



terials. This is accomplished by keeping a file listing thousands of manufacturers and producers of machinery who have pledged their aid in supplying veterans with the particular products under their control. Thus, thousands of men who otherwise could never have made the grade are assured of a start in business.

Additional services are provided in the New York center by its Committee of Community Resources, which points out how the services of a particular organization in his own community can best serve the veteran: the Committee on Services to Women Reserves, which title is self-explanatory; the Veterans Advisory Committee, composed of veterans of two world wars who undertake to see that veterans are served with the maximum of expediency and efficiency, and the Labor Advisory Board, composed of AFL and CIO representatives. This board advises on questions of union membership, initiation fees, seniority and other labor matters.

Lacking an adequate staff to cover all of the smaller cities of the nation, Gen. Erskine released a book explaining the establishment of Veterans



Information Centers. The material was sent to organizations like the American Legion and Community Chests. In most instances, the book has served to lay the groundwork with which interested and public-spirited citizens of the small cities may form and operate a center for servicemen.

An excellent example is Bethlehem, Pa. This steel city had no center before Gen. Erskine took over.

The Bethlehem Community Chest opened a center and selected Ralph E. Stahlnecker to head it as executive director. Stahlnecker was formerly a Marine classification sergeant.

This ex-Marine entered the Corps in December, 1943, and after boot camp remained at Parris Island to attend classification school. Later, he was a student at the third rehabilitation school at Camp Lejeune. In discharging his duties with the Marine Corps, Stahlnecker had been assigning prize fighters and bank clerks to jobs they could fill in their country's service. Now, attired in a new blue tweed suit, there was no reason why he couldn't as capably assign radar operators and paratroopers to jobs they are best suited for in civilian life.

Stahlnecker had planned to return to one of the Bethlehem daily newspapers as sports editor, a job he held for 13 years before entering the Corps. But after he was handed his discharge, he told his family he had decided to do a "cruise" with the Community Chest.

The former sergeant finds many veterans are discovering that the skills and aptitudes they picked up in service are paying off with better jobs than they held before the war. He believes his big job is to help the veteran realize his "foxhole dream," whatever it is. And he devotes a great deal of his time to educating the civilians of the community in their responsibility toward the veteran's problems.

Compared to classifying and placing some of the men who came into the Marine Corps, getting jobs for veterans is a cinch for Stahlnecker. He cited the case of a man who, when interviewed at boot camp, told of starting out as a professional boxer. After years of this he became a faro dealer in a Reno gambling house. Since these were the only two types of work he had ever done, the question of where to put him in the Marine Corps posed a problem. Stahlnecker assigned him to recreational work, where he did a bang-up job.

Which is what Gen. Erskine and his R & RA intend to do on a national scale. **END**



Day and night, the streets of New Orleans are thronged for the Carnival

Peace, it's wonderful!  
It brought Mardi Gras  
home to New Orleans







# MARDI GRAS

by Corp. Bill Farrell  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Robert F. Smith  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Mardi Gras is old as floats and masks — and young as you feel

TURN PAGE 33

## MARDI GRAS (continued)

**M**ARDI GRAS is what you make it, but with all the grand people in New Orleans, and all the facilities for fun there, a person would be a dope to make it anything but a happy holiday.

This year, for the first time since the spring of 1941, the "city that care forgot" had its Carnival. "Mardi Gras" really refers to the day before Ash Wednesday, called Shrove Tuesday in English. Shrove Tuesday is a climax to pre-Lenten celebrations in many countries.

The Carnival season in New Orleans begins 12 days after Christmas, just about the time New Year festivities are wearing off. All through the winter various private organizations give parties and balls,

often with kings and queens of their own. There is no special duty connected with being a member of this royalty, except to dress well and look handsome. But it is a great honor not everyone can afford.

The period that most of us think of as Mardi Gras begins on the Wednesday or Thursday before Ash Wednesday. From then until the Carnival stops short at midnight of Mardi Gras, a policeman's life is not a happy one. Neither is a trolley motorman's or a taxi driver's. The throngs of people and the lines of floats make traffic a nightmare.

"There'll be plenty of jiggin' in the riggin' at Mardi Gras," said a cab driver.

"Anything goes, then," said a housewife.

"That's right; they told you the truth — anything goes on Mardi Gras," said a hotel clerk.

On the spot to cover it for *The Leatherneck*, we decided to wait. Meanwhile there were all those parades and balls.

This year King Momus and his Krewe came first,

on the final Thursday night before Mardi Gras. With him was a procession of lavish floats, each bearing a cast of characters in wax face masks and handsome costumes. This was the first parade since 1941, and the people turned out happily to watch as it wound its way from garages and sheds called "dens," where the floats were built.

The floats for this year's parade had been designed and pretty nearly completed for the 1942 Mardi Gras. It never was held. The Jap attack at Pearl Harbor spoiled it. The gay city turned to the making of landing boats, Liberty ships and seagoing tugboats, synthetic rubber and a grim procession of other products for war. Mardi Gras was observed only as an annual occasion for the sale of war bonds. The men who had worked in the building and designing of gaudy islands of make-believe were getting into uniform, or turning their talents to war production.

VJ-Day, arriving in the summer, left time for the



On a balcony outside City Hall the queen of Hermes, Irma M. Oser, waves her scepter. Beside her is a visiting Carnival queen from Merida, Yucatan



To get a bird's-eye view of a big parade you find a balcony



"She's" a boy, and is getting quite a big laugh in the French Quarter



### SANDWICH MAN

Attending a Mardi Gras is hard on the feet but fine for the appetite. You may discover suddenly you're hungry. In case this thought comes while you're near St. Philip Street, in the French Quarter, you may do what Chief Yeoman Rita Donnelley of New York did — stop in and get a sandwich from B. Montalbano. He put a slice of liverwurst, some ham roll, salami, provolone cheese, and more salami, all into that big roll. Montalbano charges according to weight. This sandwich, weighing a pound and a half, cost 90 cents.



To enjoy Mardi Gras best  
you join the crowd, wearing  
a costume — any little thing  
is good for a laugh

"She's" a girl. Costumes such as this one were rarer than expected



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The New Orleans floats are lavish and costly, as this one from the Rex parade shows. They are sold, after Mardi Gras, for other festivals



This is the king of the Hermes celebration, enthroned for the parade. He is extremely prominent, but nobody is supposed to know who he is



Boarding one of the buses that will take them to their floats, these Hermes paraders carry loads of favors that they'll toss to the crowds



Rex, Lord of Misrule, is the only king whose identity is not a secret. Here he halts on Canal Street to toast his white-clad queen with wine



This motorist would get more attention if his passenger were not such tough competition



The Mid-City parade, on Sunday, is a little smaller than some, but it has handsome floats



The usual crowds turn up, with their hands raised to receive the usual coveted favors

## MARDI GRAS (continued)



There's something special and magical about a night parade, with its mule-drawn, torchlighted floats. This is Hermes's "Annie Laurie" scene



Choosing the Tennyson poem, "Lady Clare", for their subjects, creators of this float show the masked "Lady" receiving a gift of a white deer



Each parade has a theme, which may be as general as Hermes's "Prose and Poetry." Here the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow rides again



The theme of the Proteus procession was "Longfellow the Poet," and this represents his study of "Fire." Parades average about 16 floats



Over the river from downtown New Orleans,  
Algiers has its own parade and celebrations

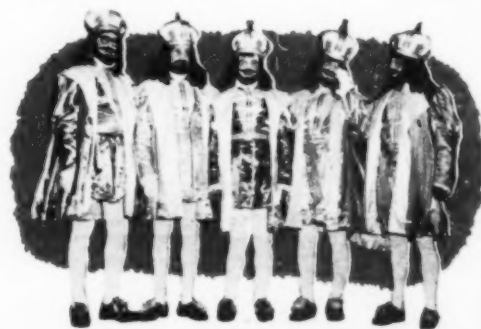


completion of plans and properties for a Mardi Gras that, four years later, was a Mardi Gras nevertheless. New Orleans got ready to play again.

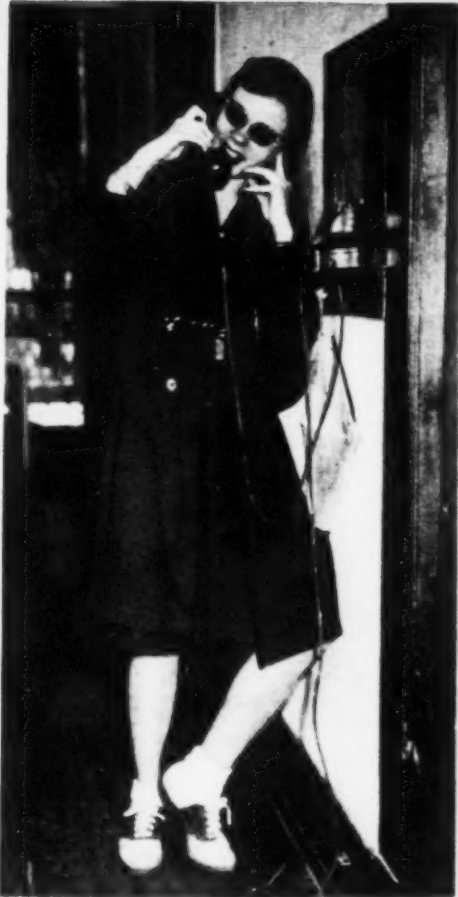
Each of the "Krewes," which form the backbone of the Carnival, is an independent, exclusive and secret organization of men who love a parade and are willing to plan one, participate in it, and pay for it. It costs a lot to buy the floats, hire the auditorium, and pay for costumes and gowns for the ladies. But the Carnival gives a theme to the whole winter season in New Orleans, and even people who never see a Krewe pageant love the idea. Membership in a Krewe is a secret, and it isn't polite to ask a man if he belongs to one. But there's no harm in letting it be known that if he does, you know somebody who'd like to go to his party.

The Krewe members are mostly old enough to be able to afford the considerable expense involved. Thus, when they send out their anonymous but handsomely printed invitations to a ball, they send a number to fairly mature women. It is easy to imagine society-minded mothers and daughters urging the head of a house to get into a Krewe, onto a float and on the ball. Then he can send his loving family invitations and "call-outs," and they'll pretend to be surprised.

A "call-out" is the dream of any New Orleans girl. It's an extra little card, and it means she is to be admitted to the dance floor, where a messenger will call her to dance with one of the masked, costumed men from the floats. She'll receive a souvenir, and maybe she won't know who her disguised partner is. The other guests, men and women, may dance only after the call-outs end.







Tulane University, being in New Orleans, calls a holiday on Mardi Gras. Page Cary calls a pal



Getting their costumes ready for Gay-Day are: Betty McIntosh, Jeanne Mayo, Martha Smither



Showing what Mardi Gras can induce, Jeanne prepares to cover up that smile with a mask



Fathers and uncles give the girls their used Carnival clothes. Nancy Deane got her share



While Jeanne stands by with a mask, Betty Pourciau adjusts an outfit on Betty McIntosh

This year some invitations were sent to Waves at Eighth Naval District Headquarters in New Orleans, and one received a call-out. She danced with the masker, but he wouldn't tell her his name. Later, at a night club, a pleasant-faced man of about 40 spoke to her.

"Weren't you my Wave call-out?" he said.

"Yes — who are you?" she exclaimed. But he just smiled, said she was a fine dancer, and bowed off.

This sort of thing is dear to a young girl's heart, but not all young girls get the coveted call-outs, or the souvenirs that go with them. But that doesn't leave them entirely desolate. They join in the charmingly amiable crowds that line the six-mile parade routes along St. Charles Avenue, on through wide, brilliantly-lighted Canal Street, and then through the French Quarter to the auditorium and the ball.

They stand beside some fellow, perhaps too poor to join a Krewe, but agile enough to catch the favors that are thrown from the floats. The trinkets may be strings of glass or wooden beads, foolish little toys and other cheap things imported before the war from Japan and Germany, or, as some were this year, good little plastic figures of dogs and elephants. People love to catch these, and scramble for fallen ones — though they know perfectly well they'll probably throw them away in a day.

As the mad Carnival picks up speed it becomes tougher and tougher to get train space to New Orleans, and it becomes next to impossible to catch a plane or find a hotel room during the climactic week. New Orleans business is in high gear. It would be unlikely that among the anonymous Krewes there were not some businessmen who share in the boom. But what of it? You can have such a good time, it would be small to begrudge anyone a little profit. Krewe members could point out, too, if they would come out from behind their masks, that they are carrying out a very old and lively tradition.

Some support the legend that Mardi Gras was celebrated informally immediately after New Orleans was founded in 1718. Certainly Mardi Gras is more than 100 years old. The Krewe of Comus dates back to 1857, when it held its first torchlight parade. Other Krewes — Rex, Lord of Misrule, and Momus, Proteus, and Hermes — have joined in illuminating the season. But Comus holds top place at Mardi Gras night, as the final parader.

The Municipal Auditorium is divided into two

sections by a curtain, and here, at midnight before Ash Wednesday, the courts of Rex and Comus join. As the curtain separating their parties rises and the two make-believe monarchs meet, Mardi Gras ends abruptly — and a few weeks later preparations for the next one begin.

Let's take a look at this year's celebration. King Momus, mythical god of ridicule and lead-off man for the Carnival Kings, ran into trouble. Just as the parade was due to start, the colored flambeaux carriers, who always had acted as though they enjoyed walking behind the floats to light them up for the spectators, let it be known that they wanted more than the traditional \$2.50 per night. The parade was delayed, and finally got going without most of its torches. Since at night all cats are gray, the procession looked a little doleful as it passed through the dimmer streets. But on Canal Street it came into its own.

The torchlight situation was straightened out sufficiently to illuminate the following night's parade, conducted by the comparatively new Hermes organization. Hermes began in 1937; Proteus, parading Monday night, started in 1882; and Rex, Tuesday morning, began in 1872.

In 1941, there was a women's group called the Court of Venus, but it didn't have a parade this year. Neither did the children, who ordinarily celebrate on Saturday, with a royal couple chosen alternately each year from pupils of the Catholic and public schools. There are other parades — one on Sunday afternoon by the Krewe of Mid-City, who are residents of that part of New Orleans; there is a Sunday morning river parade by Indian Chief Choctaw in Algiers, a part of New Orleans that lies "over the river," across the Mississippi. A parade of floats and marchers is offered by the same district. The triumphant procession of King Zulu is presented by the Negroes of New Orleans. King Zulu wears a burlesque cannibal outfit, tosses coconuts to his admiring subjects, and leads a somewhat informal parade to a point outside a prominent funeral parlor of the Algiers section. There he toasts his queen in champagne, as the other kings do at other points.

The "Krewes," or crews, take their names from the gods of Greek and Roman mythology: Comus,

The Carnival has its gentler, prettier side. Martha and Betty prepare for a dance



## MARDI GRAS (continued)

god of festivity and mirth; Momus, god of mockery and carping criticism; Hermes, messenger of the gods; Proteus, maritime god and subordinate to Neptune. Each parade has some sort of theme, such as the poems of Longfellow, or famous gifts of history and tradition. Each float is described in language suited to its gaudy style. For instance:

"The Challenge of Thor, showing the great god of war in his Northland, his eyes of lightning and the wheels of his chariot rolling in the thunder while the blows of his hammer ring in the earthquake."

Reading this in the morning newspaper, a person gets some idea of what to expect when evening

brings the parade. Sergeant Bob Smith, our photographer, and I, knew what we were expecting as we searched for a balcony from which to photograph one of the processions. But it didn't come out quite as we planned.

New Orleans is, among other things, a fine place for a parade. It has so many balconies. But as we searched for a point of vantage we ran into a great many deaf people. Our requests for permission to come up went unheeded. Then we found a galleried building with a bar on its ground floor. The bartender said "outside, two doors left." We climbed a flight of stairs, went through a dark passage, out a window, along the side of the building past two elderly ladies, in another window, through a well-lighted room, and out another window. People looked at us. We looked at the parade. Smith made his pictures.



For the comparatively few thousands of people lucky enough to be invited, the balls that follow Carnival parades are a high point of the season. Here Louise Jahncke, Queen of Proteus, is seated

From their places at the side, the queen and her ladies are escorted to the brilliant throne. The picture opposite shows the masked members of Proteus dancing with their unmasked partners



"Have you got all you want?" a man asked, when Smith had finished.

"Yes, thanks. That was a swell spot to shoot from," Smith replied pleasantly. We didn't know what came next. We had stumbled into one of those many upstairs rooms where the results of horse races are announced.

"Come and have a drink," said the man.

Well, we'd been working since early morning, and it was now late in the evening. We had a drink.

"Now," said the man, "tell me how you got in here."

We told him.

"Come any time," he said. But we never had another chance. Mardi Gras kept us too busy.

Mardi Gras isn't all parades. It's a chance to get acquainted with the nation's most Latin city while it's in a relaxed, hospitable mood. In Canal Street you can find department stores (where people say, "Honey, where's the shoe department?") and a salesgirl looks up to say, "It's just over there, honey").

Canal Street itself is a bright enough spot, and if you turn one way you're on St. Charles Avenue, in the "American colony" of business buildings, big hotels, and modern restaurants. Had you turned into the same street, but at the other side of Canal Street, you'd be in Royal Street, part of the old French Quarter or Vieux Carre.

The French Quarter is the older part of town, where may be found Jackson Square, once the Place D'Armes of French and Spanish times; the "haunted house," now a grocery store; the old Slave Exchange, now a pleasant bar where you can talk or listen to a juke-box; Lafitte's, a reputed hangout of the fabulous pirate-patriot; and dozens of quaint, pretty patios, once marking the dwellings of the French and Spanish residents, but now often the pride of some Bohemian-minded American.

New Orleans passed from Spanish to French control on November 30, 1803, and 20 days later became American property. Americans moving in met chilly receptions from the inhabitants of the French Quarter, and took to settling at the other side of Canal Street. Thus, abreast of each other at the river's edge, but separated by Canal, the two differing communities grew, and spread out into the large city that New Orleans is today.

There are famous French restaurants, and there is always, day or night, the Morning Call, where they sell only coffee and doughnuts — but the best coffee and doughnuts in town. The coffee is the usual dark, chicory-flavored Louisiana type, with plenty of warmed milk in it.

The actual Mardi Gras is the one day, Shrove Tuesday. We got up early, reached Canal Street at 8 A.M., and settled down on a parked truck to watch the crowds form. They began to come out early. There were people in German officers' uniforms. One fellow had gold dust in his hair and blue coloring all over his face. There were Spanish dancers, and lots of girls in blue jeans, masked children, masked women, masked men — thousands of them. There was a fellow in long, trap-door type underwear, who loudly claimed he had found "The Lost Weekend." There were harem girls and Dutch girls.

We watched two people carrying babies who had fallen asleep. The crowd closed in until it was like New Year's Eve in New York's Times Square — only less lunatic, and not quite so noisy.

Crowds passed by, amiable and smiling. It began to get dark. We found what looked like a girl, walking around in high heels amidst a circle of smiling people. Every so often this "girl" would lift a skirt and tuck coins, thrown by the crowd, into a pocket. It turned out that the apparition was a man.

As evening fell the crowds were noticeably smaller. The tiny boy in the Chinese pajamas and pigtail had toddled away. The pretty little girls in crinoline dresses were gone. Here and there a vigorous celebrant sat on a curbstone. The remaining people walked about, looking for excitement.

King Comus brought his floats and his subjects through the town. A good-natured crowd enjoyed the spectacle, and vied merrily for the favors that were thrown. The procession faded away, moving toward the auditorium.

We talked to a veteran Mardi Gras man at a party. The guests were from various parts of the country — Massachusetts, Ohio, Nebraska.

"The costumes aren't as handsome this year as usual," said the veteran Mardi Gras man. "I guess people have to get back into the swing of Mardi Gras — but they will, next year."



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**There are many kings and  
queens at Carnival  
time. They rule in brief glamor**



Ten veteran Marines, all ex-POWs, re-enlist at San Diego. Taking the oath are Ralph Cherry, Martin Christie, William Harris, Joseph Stowe,

Jay Howard, Q. T. Wade, Gerald Carr, Clifford Ellis, William Horn and Otto Rossetto. At right is Lieutenant Thomas Palmer, recruiting officer

## Ships that Cross

While a band plays welcome to the returned troopship tied up at one side of a San Diego dock, let us not forget that there is another side to that dock. Often there is another ship tied up, on this darker side, to take Marines overseas for occupation duty in the Pacific.

Some 50,000 men, low-point Reserves and Regulars with lengthy cruises to serve, have slipped away for such service in the last six months, while the glamorous light of publicity has played over the return of combat-weary Marines whom those shipping over have replaced.

Something new may be noted in the appearance of the departing Marines, as they leave Camp Pendleton. They are not equipped for combat. Instead of carrying field rations and being fully armed, they take only the minimum equipment suitable for the station to which they have been assigned.

## Who's Excited?

Now, there's nothing to worry about — they're not loaded. So if, while driving along Route 101 near Camp Pendleton, Calif., you see Marine tanks sighting in on your car, don't get excited. They're just practicing, and they have barely enough power in them to move their turrets.

## Funny Money

There must be something wrong with this picture, but so far as two Sixth Division Marines are concerned, it's just dandy, that's all. This is the outline:

The Marines, mindful of a warning that the value of Chinese money "might" fluctuate, were dining in one of Tsingtao's many new restaurants. All in good time the waiter presented the check, which the Marines ignored as they smoked their after-dinner cigarettes. Presently the waiter returned, picked up the check, altered it and replaced it on the table. He did this again and again, until the Marines grabbed him for an explanation. He said the worth of Chinese money was especially variable that day, and he was simply keeping the amount of the check where it belonged. The Marines then discovered that their bill was much less than it had been before.

"Let's stick around for awhile," one said. "In a few minutes they may be paying us."

## Figures on Futures

The cheerful spectacle of Marines passing homeward from the Orient has given the people of Fleet Marine Force Personal Affairs and Rehabilitation Office, in Hawaii, quite some data on the future plans of pros-

pective civilians. The office "processes" Marines on their way out of the Corps, and gives them advice on insurance, medical care, mustering-out pay and such. In return it collects information on the men it "processes."

Interviews with these men have indicated that about a third intend to resume their education by returning to school, while another 19 per cent will go back to their former employment. The latter, when they wish, may have the help of the Office in writing letters of notification to their old employers. These letters emphasize service training which may catch the eye of a man looking for someone to promote.

## Curious Concert

There are only a few Americans — Marines, and some sailors — and they sit stolidly while the Chinese gentleman makes his speech. Like most of the thousand Chinese present, the Americans keep their coats on, for this improvised concert hall in Tsingtao is bare and cold. The potted plants on the stage and the flags draped everywhere are evidences of a brave and gentle effort to bring life to a chilly performance.

Now the Chinese speaker ends his speech to his countrymen, and changes to English, English with an English accent. It is the Americans' turn to learn that the concert will be given mostly by amateurs, but that it supports a worthy cause.

The audience sings the Chinese national anthem now, solemn and hopeful, and though it is patient rather than powerful, stable rather than stirring, the singers do not fumble for words or tune as they sing.

Next a chorus sings a thoroughly Oriental version of a Gilbert and Sullivan composition, and follows this with a more sound rendition of the "Hunter's Chorus."

Following valiantly, making their various types of music, come the girl pianist who knows all the notes but nothing of the music, the Chinese-violin player, and the overblown soprano with the cavernous mouth. They are not disturbed by the Chinese soldiers who patrol the aisles, hand grenades on their belts and loaded rifles at their sides.

At last it is time for the Sixth Marine Division Band to play, and the hall is made alive with the sound of marches: the Chinese anthem, the "Star Spangled Banner" and, as a final gesture, the "Marine Hymn."

There is no artist to follow these smart, strong American musicians. The concert is ended. The Chinese and the Americans stand up, pull their coats closer around them, and go out into the night.

## Revitalized Artillery

With most of their wartime personnel discharged or transferred, two veteran Marine artillery outfits

have been reorganized from young recruits, and are undergoing training at Camp Pendleton, California. Other units will follow suit.

The Tenth and Eleventh Battalions, which returned from Guam last January, have been assigned to a routine of classroom instruction, field work, actual and simulated firing, and maneuvers. The Tenth includes two batteries of 155-mm. guns, while the Eleventh has a similar organization, plus a battery of self-propelled 155s. Each is augmented by a fleet of trucks, bulldozers, tractors and jeeps.

In command of the Tenth is Lieutenant Colonel H. U. Bookhart, Jr. of Anderson, S. C., who was in the Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester campaigns. His executive officer is Major Grant Baze of Melvin, Tex., formerly of the Second Division and the Fifth 155 Howitzer Battalion.

Lieutenant Colonel Tom R. Watts of Oklahoma City, Okla., heads the Eleventh, having assumed the command on Guam. As a seagoing Marine he served aboard the USS Iowa in action at Truk, in the Marianas, the Carolines, and the Marshalls. He also was with the Fifth Amphibious Corps on Iwo Jima.

## 30 Years and Out

Nolan Tillman, who came into the Marine Corps from Gilmer, Tex., 30 years ago, has reverted to the title of "Mister." He did his time with no regrets — he would make the same decision to be a 30-year man now that he made when he enlisted at the age of 26, he says.

Tillman made an enviable record as a marksman in the course of his rise to the rate of Master Gunnery Sergeant. In 1922, he became a Distinguished Rifleman, and during the following years he won equivalent honors with the pistol. For six years he competed with other groups as a member of the National Marine Rifle Squad, and he fired with that team in 1939 when it established a new world record by winning the National Herrick Trophy, holding a perfect score.

Three of Tillman's years of duty were spent in China, and ten more with the seagoing Marines. In 1918 he was in the detachment aboard the battleship New York, and witnessed the surrender of the German Navy. His recent assignment was as assistant to the range officer at San Diego and Camp Elliott.

## Feet by the Mile

If laid heel to toe, the 30,000 feet examined by Lieutenant (jg) J. M. Turchon would extend well over five and a half miles. But as a matter of fact, being the feet of Marines, they have extended over a hell of a lot more miles than that.



Lieut. Turcheon, as chiropodist at Camp Pendleton, has attended the troubled feet of our Marine divisions, at the rate of about 800 pairs a month. It has been his task to soothe and heal cases of ringworm, fractured toes, ingrown toenails, bruises, and every other foot ailment. Looking back over the months since he came to Camp Pendleton from Camp Lejeune in 1942, he says the quality of feet coming before him has improved greatly.

## The Ninth Marines

The record of the Ninth Marines, who fought with the Third Division at Bougainville, Guam and Iwo Jima, is set forth in a 350-page book to be published this month by *The Infantry Journal Press*. Copies of the "History of the Striking Ninth," priced at \$3.75, will be mailed free to the next of kin of all members of the regiment who died in action. The cost of this will be met by the outfit's officers.

In 110,000 words of text the book tells the story of the Ninth from its activation on February 12, 1942, until its recent deactivation. Thirty-six pictures will illustrate the account. The regimental roster of nearly 12,000 names will be included, along with the organization's list of casualties.

## A Mask Is a Mask

Hostilities having ended, Marine souvenir fanciers must often gratify their desires by purchase. This may involve language difficulties that were not encountered on the battlefields.

In Yokosuka, a Marine wanted a clay or wood facial mask, of the kind called *omans* by the Japanese. Carefully, with facial expression and deftly moving hands, he tried to place his order with a non-English-speaking Japanese curio dealer.

The Jap beamed in delighted understanding. Swiftly he darted away. In a very short time he was back, bearing a small cardboard box, from which he proudly drew — a Japanese gas mask.

The misunderstood Marine was disgusted.

"Wrong again!" he exclaimed. "I got one of those firsthand on Okinawa!"

## Yasuda Chiju or Mike

Some of the men of the Eighth Marines have learned, by experience, that raising a boy brings many problems.



Mrs. Betty MacPeak Mathies, ex-WR corporal, getting a GI loan for a home in San Francisco

The boy concerned is 11-year-old Yasuda Chiju who turned up on a dock in Kagoshima, Japan, where PFC Oran D. Reed was doing guard duty.

The lad was shivering in his ragged clothing, but he did his best to be useful. An LST hove up and he caught one of the ropes thrown to the dock to secure the vessel. Then he walked post with Reed, keeping a respectful distance, naturally.

When his tour ended, Reed took the boy along to see what sort of clothes could be dug up for him. With some assistance from other Marines he found some sneakers and an old Japanese blanket, from which a suit was made.

Yasuda Chiju hung around, and the effect the Marines had on him soon became apparent. For one thing he began answering to the name of Mike. And after an interpreter had given him a few lessons in English, a Navy corpsman attached to the outfit declared:

"Mike keeps picking up Marine slang. It's bad enough for a Navy man to have to listen to it from Marines all day, without hearing a Jap kid spout the same lingo."

But the corpsman grinned as he said it, and Mike grinned right back at him.

## San Diego Council

An Area Organization Council of noncommissioned officers, charged with helping to keep up morale and welfare conditions, has been set up at Camp Pendleton. It will meet once a month in the board room at Marine Training and Replacement Command headquarters, for discussion of affairs affecting Marines stationed in the area.

According to the plans which led to its organization, the committee will not confine its studies to the expenditure of recreation funds, though that will be within its province. Authorized to call for necessary assistance from area and camp special services officers and camp post exchange officers, the committee will be asked to make whatever suggestions it considers useful toward improving the welfare of men in the area.

Senior member of the group is Sergeant Major Henry G. Goldmeyer. His fellow council members include Sergeants Major John J. Buckley, and Philo E. Nelson; First Sergeants William E. McQuarry, John H. Peterson, Anthony C. Andersen and Donald M. Rudd; Staff Sergeant Alfred J. Jennie and Platoon Sergeant Hilarion G. Kloeckl.

(Continued on page 58)





"Ship over, Son, and we'll give you the same rate and make it permanent!"



"But are the girls bringing anything?"



"Who am I?"



"Is this appropriate enough, madam?"



"Discharges are off four points, Sir"



The Veterans Administration has launched a construction program for the expansion of its hospital facilities. Here is how it will affect the average veteran

# Hospitalization for the Millions

by Arthur Mielke  
Leathemack Staff Writer

**E**XPANSION of the Veterans Administration hospital facilities throughout the nation by means of a \$448,000,000 construction program has focused national interest on this phase of post-war Veterans Administration work.

Despite outbursts by several public figures criticizing the VA for its selection of projected sites for hospitals, the Administration continues forward with its far-reaching program.

How does this benefit the ordinary, average veteran? Here's how:

Regardless of their financial condition, all veterans are eligible for hospitalization and "out patient" care at any hospital run by the VA, without charge, for ailments or disabilities incurred while in the service. This help is obtained by merely going to the nearest such hospital or by applying for admission at any VA office in any section of the country.

In emergency cases VA hospitals will immediately take in any veteran, even if the disability or ailment was not received while in the service. In other cases of non-service incurred ailments, the veteran will be admitted for treatment if he signs a statement that he cannot afford hospitalization. The simple statement of the veteran is sufficient for admission — he need not give proof of a straitened financial condition.

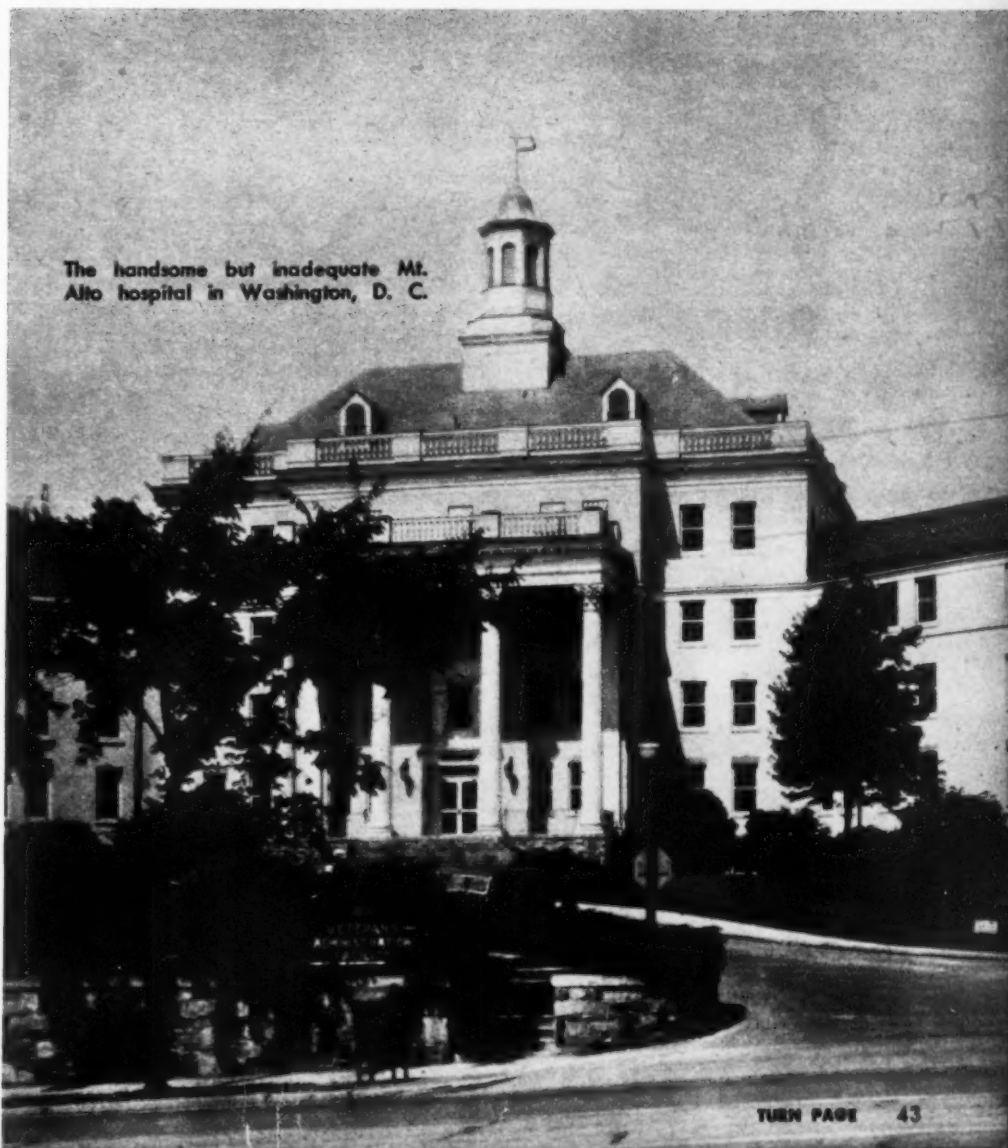
One example of this took place in Washington. An ex-GI signed the statement, sometimes referred to as the "pauper's oath," and was admitted to a Washington hospital. After he had been treated, it was learned he had more than \$300,000 in cash in banks. The VA decided to bill him for hospitalization, but the man refused to pay. The case went to the very highest law authority in the VA — the solicitor. After studying the case the latter advised the VA not to sue. The VA should have taken the man's statement "at its face value," he said.

This latter service of VA hospitals may be expanded in future years, to include any ailment or disability incurred by any veteran under any condition. Such is provided for in Senate Bill (S)1203. Now on the Senate's calendar, it awaits committee action.

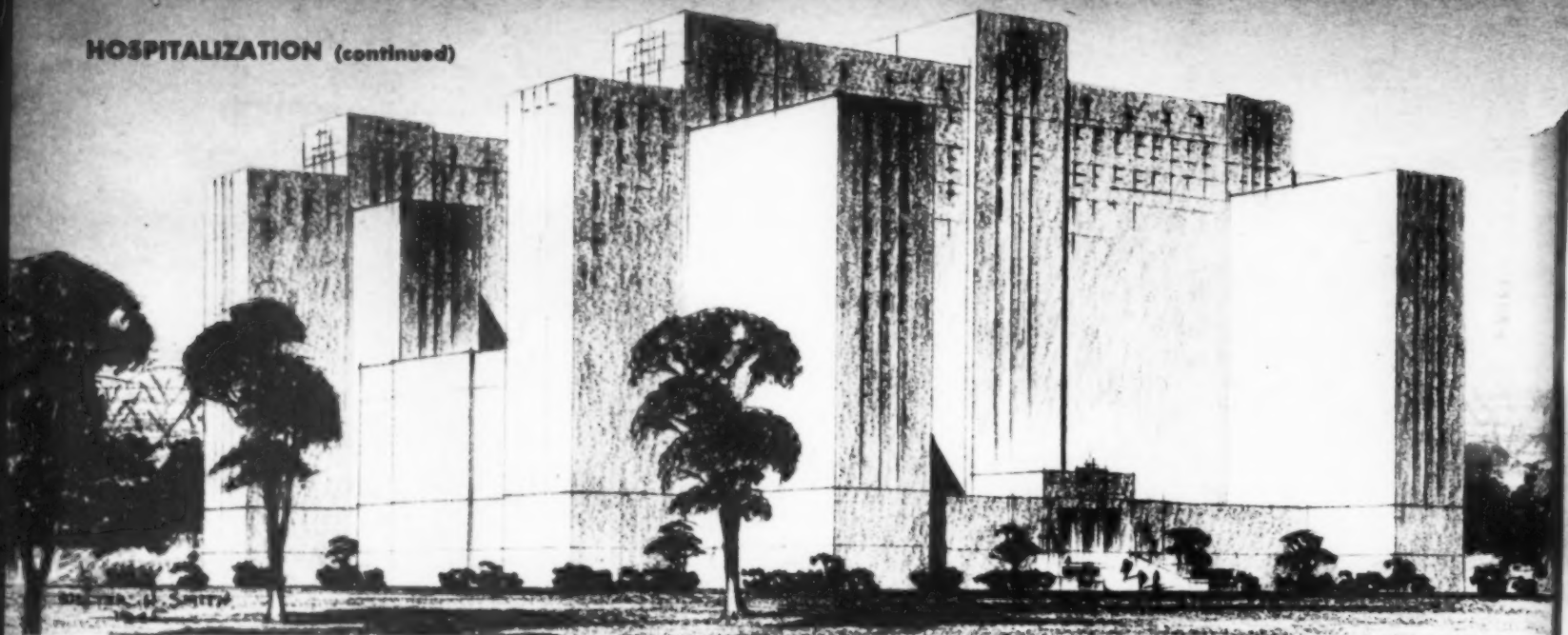
These hospital benefits are for veterans only. They do not extend to their families or dependents. Immediate relatives of deceased service personnel, however, may obtain "dependents' benefits."

Previous to the present expansion program, which began in February, there were 98 VA-operated hospitals throughout the United States. Before the expansion, an additional five hospitals were picked

The handsome but inadequate Mt. Alto hospital in Washington, D. C.



## HOSPITALIZATION (continued)



The veterans hospital of the future is mirrored in this artist's sketch of the proposed Pittsburgh VA hospital. The accent on the "vertical"

can readily be seen in the closely-grouped tall wings. Hospitals of this type will be erected wherever possible, particularly in urban localities

up from the Army "for permanent operation." Other Army and Navy hospitals in out-of-the-way places were picked up to tide the Veterans Administration over the period during which new hospitals would be built. All that was before the \$448,000,000 expansion program.

The new program, said to be the largest hospital construction program in the history of the world, is costing the VA \$178,000,000 more than it has spent for hospital construction in the last 27 years.

Erection of 80 new hospitals strategically located throughout the country to service the greatest number of World War II veterans is the main item on the multimillion dollar agenda. Upon completion, they will bring the total to 183 permanent veterans hospitals, having a capacity of 151,500 beds.

The new hospitals will embody the latest in hospital architectural design suitable for their locations. In certain sections, towering skyscrapers will be erected. This "vertical building" idea will cut down the number of personnel required for each hospital and conserve the land that ordinarily goes into the "sprawling" type. It will also permit, wherever possible, erection of such hospitals in close proximity to medical schools and centers where the best doctors and other top professional people can be brought in for counsel and actual treatment when necessary.

In addition to these "extra" professional personnel, the Administration is enlisting practically every top physician in metropolitan areas for advisory work. Already large numbers of those in New York City, Chicago and Washington have signified their consent to this arrangement. In Washington, 28 leading private physicians are contributing their expert service to the capital's Mt. Alto Hospital.

After deciding to locate veterans hospitals in urban areas so that they might be near other medical facilities, the VA was the target for many attacks. Much pressure was exerted to use "pork barrel" methods in doling out locations, but the VA stuck to its guns and the hospitals will go up where they are "handiest," as planned. Many opinions, both for and against this urban location policy, were expressed in letters to the VA Administrator, General Omar Bradley. A majority of these opinions backed the Administration's policy, the general revealed.

An example of the practicability of this policy can be found right in the nation's capital. Here beds in the VA's Mt. Alto Hospital are completely taken up and a waiting list exists. Yet in many cases veterans prefer to spend weeks waiting for a vacancy there, rather than to travel the comparatively short distance to the VA's Kecoughtan (Va.) Hospital where beds are almost always available.

Upon completion of the program, the VA will have 105 general medical and surgical, 49 neuropsychiatric and 29 tuberculosis hospitals. Three of the new hospitals are being completed this year. They are the 1172-bed hospital at Tomah, Wis., the 572-bed hospital at Lebanon, Pa., and 72 hospital beds and 557 domiciliary beds at Ft. Wash-

ington, Md. Another 47 hospitals have been authorized, and the remaining 30 await appropriations.

Although the program will be handled at an accelerated tempo and construction pushed as speedily as possible, actual use of most of these hospitals will probably be a couple of years away. A survey by the VA showed that in the past an average of 1080 days elapsed between the time a site was surveyed and the date the finished hospital actually began receiving patients.

At a press conference early this year, Gen. Bradley revealed that, when he took office, there were an estimated 6,688,000 veterans eligible for service under the Administration. Of this, only 2,000,000 were ex-servicemen of World War II. By early February the total number of eligible had increased to 13,490,000. By mid-1947, it is estimated there will be close to 20 million Americans eligible.

Persons receiving treatment at VA hospitals throughout the country rose from 74,473 on January 31, 1942, to 92,476 on January 31, 1946. VA officials estimate that the peak in treatment will be reached in 1975, when some 275,000 to 300,000 veterans are expected to be under hospitalization. At that time most of the World War II veterans will be in their late 50s.

Even when only 4,000,000 veterans were eligible for service, it was impossible to secure the number of doctors needed to operate efficiently. With the potential load increased to 20 million, the problem has been multiplied many times. This has necessitated a major change, a change that would permit use of civilian doctors in addition to those secured as full-time VA doctors. This was one reason for taking VA doctors out of the confining bounds of civil service. Doctors are now employed by the VA on a private salary basis. This sort of hiring attracts more and better medical men into the Administration.

The VA is preparing for a seemingly out-of-proportion number of neuropsychiatric cases in providing for 49 hospitals for such patients. Figures, however, show that 57.5 per cent of all veterans in VA hospitals are neuropsychiatric cases. To help cure these persons, the VA has secured the services of an advisory committee of 22 eminent specialists in this field. They will help decide on the over-all psychiatric treatment in VA hospitals.

Concerning neuropsychiatric cases, a pair of Navy psychiatrists have reported that from observation more than half the number of the war's "psycho" cases resulted from "general chronic, tedious and irritating conditions of military life" rather than from duty under actual combat conditions.

VETERANS with claims against the government may now be represented by National Service

Officers. These officers are disabled American veterans who are legally authorized to present the claims of other veterans before the Veterans Administration. Their services are free.

To become an NSO a veteran must pass a six months' course given, at present, only at the American University in Washington, D. C. Following this formal schooling, he must go through 18 months of on-the-job training. He is then considered an NSO and is given an office in one of the veterans hospitals.

Recently, the fifth class was graduated from American University. Included in the 35 graduates were five ex-Marines. They are Anthony Coulis, 23, of Hammond, Ind., Kenneth McMurry, 26, of Wichita, Kans., Walter Spencer, 21, of Rocky Hill, Conn., Glee Stevens of Pico, Calif., and Alma Wilhelm of Los Angeles.

Coulis, once an Edson Raider, will be stationed in the Hines, Ill., veterans hospital while McMurry will be at the Lyons, N. J., and Spencer at the Hartford, Conn., veterans hospital. The two ex-WRs have not yet been assigned.



OF particular interest to former First and Second Division Marines — the ones who had the most cases of malaria during the early stages of the war — is the fact that the government is paying pensions for those who have recurring attacks of "the old bug." According to the present setup, if you still have at least one attack a year, you are eligible to receive a monthly pension starting



Ailing veterans in the Washington, D. C., area often refuse to be sent to this VA hospital located at Kecoughtan in

near  
Wash



at \$11.50. Such a claim could be taken up by local National Service Officers or by representatives of any of the veterans organizations.



**PLANS** for the Organized Marine Corps Reserve have left the formative stage and are now well into the final actuality stage. General A. A. Vandegrift has appointed a board of officers, headed by Colonel Wells W. Miller, which is completing a survey of cities throughout the U.S. to find locations and facilities for units of the reserve. No date for activation of units of the Organized Reserve has been set, however.



**A** QUESTION and answer series distributed by the Veterans Administration reveals:

There is no time limit for filing claims for disability caused by war service under existing legislation.

It is legally possible to receive both compensation benefits and insurance benefits from the government at the same time.

Failure to report for a physical examination does affect payments of compensation. Payments are frequently suspended, in such cases, and retroactive payments may be precluded unless clear proof is given the disability continued during the period for which no payments were made.

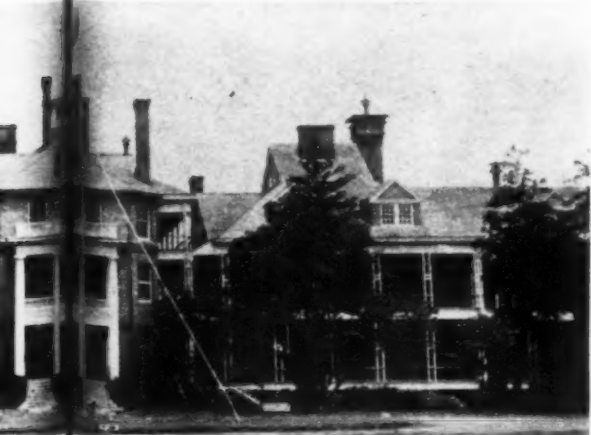


**CLAIMANTS** for baggage and personal effects of deceased Marines, and Marines who have lost such articles during the war, are advised that the activity handling such matters is the Marine Corps Personal Baggage Center, San Diego Area. Base Depot, Camp Elliott, Calif. All communications from owners or next of kin claimants must be so addressed.

When making inquiries, the full name, rank and serial number of the owner must be given, as well as the full title of the organization to which the owner was attached at the time the articles were lost. Full shipping instructions also must be given.

The Camp Elliott activity is now receiving and shipping such belongings and generally carrying on the functions formerly handled by the Marine Corps Personal Effects Distribution Center, Farragut, Idaho.

Lost and unclaimed baggage, and personal effects belonging to officers, are handled by the Depot Quartermaster, 100 Harrison St., San Francisco, Calif. Inquiries about such property should be addressed to that office.



nearby Virginia. They prefer to wait for beds in Washington's perennially-filled Mt. Alto hospital

END

## COLORS



**I** HAD to get out of the Marine Corps before I found out for sure that what they call officers are not always officers at all, but are just called that for the sake of convenience. I admit that I had had my doubts about some of the brass being gentlemen but it was not until I was getting out that I found out for sure.

I mean the rehabilitation officer, who told me how to treat the civilians I was returning to, was not an officer at all, but a limited service staff sergeant whose only trip overseas was across the Potomac to the Navy Annex to Eighth and I. There in the Marine Barracks PX he fought a couple of skirmishes with the Waves and commanders for a crack at the Victory and American campaign ribbons.

"When you get home, Fieldmouse," the staff sergeant said, blowing gently on his two ribbons and giving them the once-over light with his right sleeve, "you will report to the nearest Veterans Administration Contact Officer. He will show you how to cash in on all of your service-acquired skills and training. I suppose you took advantage of the service schools?"

"Only one, sergeant," I said, "I went to Field Music's School, but I did not graduate because of a regulation that says you cannot stay there for more than six months and I had only learned 142 of the..."

"That's fine, that's fine!" the staff sergeant interrupted. "Nothing like a man taking advantage of the situation. I always try to do that myself. Too bad you had to spend three years overseas. Good luck to you, my boy, and don't forget to see your VA contact officer. He'll be able to make your service-acquired skills count!"

When I finally got to the contact officer, he turned out not to be an officer, either, but a civilian who had been a doggie PFC in the first war. He said he sure could place me if I had gone to telephone, radio, cooks and bakers, paymaster, quartermaster, motor transport, parachute rigger, administration, clerical, link trainer, control tower, or sea school, but he was just damned if he knew what he could do with a music, which he kept calling a bugler.

He said I could probably start my own wake-up agency for people who did not have telephones, but that the job did not have much future because alarm clocks would come back on the market, even if I lived that long.

I told him I did not care so much about using my service-acquired skills anyway, because I had never wanted to be a music in the first place, but a combat correspondent, because I wanted to lead an exciting life like reporters did in the movies. That is the life for me, I said, and I am well qualified for the job because I already have a hat which turns up good in the front and I can let a cigaret droop from the corner of my mouth and talk out of the side of my mouth just like all of the reporters in the movies do.

I told him I was willing to start at the bottom covering stories where only one murder was committed, and work up.

He said he *might* be able to place me as a copy boy with the *Chronicle* because I was a veteran, even though the paper had started using copy girls during the war and was still

short of good newspaper men. He said just an ordinary hat would be all right since the only reporters who wore their hats turned up in the front were the ones who fell on their faces in bars pretty regular and broke the felt.

The city editor of the *Chronicle* did not look like Cary Grant did in that picture, but I guess that is because all of the good reporters are still in the service. The job was not exactly what I had figured, either, since most of the time I spent jumping when someone yelled "Boy!" which was usually just the city editor wanting some copy to go to the composing room or the society editor wanting someone to get her a coke.

I had been there for three weeks and was thinking about starting that wake-up service after all, because I knew I could get plenty of excitement if I started blowing my bugle outside apartment houses at 6 o'clock in the morning. I had been in the head practicing "Reveille" which is how I happened to run into the newsroom with my bugle in my hand when the editor yelled "Boy!" a lot louder than usual.

"Hey, boy!" he yelled. "Grab that camera gear out of the darkroom and find Joe the photographer and help him carry it down to the Royal Hotel. A veteran has cracked up down there and is threatening to jump off the roof. He's drunk and wants to prove he's a paratrooper! Tell Joe to get a picture of him on that ledge and in the air if he jumps! Get!"

**I** RAN into the darkroom with my bugle still in my hand and grabbed the camera case. Joe was printing and swore at me for opening the door, but he took off down the street loading his camera on the run.

A big crowd had gathered below the Royal when we got there and here was this paratrooper in his skivvies standing on the ledge six stories above the street. A bunch of firemen had a net stretched across the street and we could see a couple more trying to sneak up behind the paratrooper on the roof but he was motioning them back and then folding his arms like he was going to jump.

Joe grabbed his case out of my hand and started digging for his telephoto lens and I looked down and saw the bugle. I thought anything was worth risking because the guy was just getting ready to jump. I cupped my hands around my mouth and yelled "Colors!" — as loud as I could. The paratrooper dropped his hands as I yelled and stepped back a pace and came to a snappy salute as the first notes reached him.

I was on the last note by the time the two firemen had worked their way to him on the ledge and grabbed him, and Joe had grabbed the picture that won him the Pulitzer Prize.

They couldn't make me a reporter on account of the guild ruling that you have to work four years. But now I am chief copy boy with a desk of my own and all of the rest of the copy boys work under me. We got in a new one the other day. A veteran, too. A captain in the Army. I want to tell you about that guy but I feel like another coke.

"Boy!"

NOLLE T. ROBERTS



Several "persuaders," Jap POWs who later sought to get other Japs to surrender, leave the stockade on Guam carrying their provisions

# PRISONER PERSUASION

PHOTOS BY CORP. DON HUNT  
USMC Photographer



The POWs put their gear and boxes of C rations on a truck which will take them to Guam's interior to talk other Japanese into surrender

**M**ONTHS after Guam was declared "officially secured," bands of Jap soldiers and construction workers continued to roam through the interior of the large island. Although they seldom engaged the Marines stationed on Guam in action, they were a constant menace. Not only did they waylay Marines traveling alone or in small groups, but on occasions they raided American food dumps.

Patrols scoured the island's interior seeking out the nomad Japs. One of the many ruses used by the Marines to lure them from their hiding places was to send out Jap prisoners of war with invitations to the hidden Japanese, to surrender.

These scenes show the various phases of one of these expeditions.

**Jap prisoners on Guam post surrender  
offers in the boondocks and lure their  
die-hard pals from hide-outs in the hills**



Two Japs put up a notice giving Guam's "Guerilla Japs" the scoop on what they can expect if they surrender. Many are lured out by this



Two days after the POWs release, Marines go to rendezvous spot and come upon this band of Japs—all willing to throw in the sponge



# For refreshment Have a Coke



Coke = Coca-Cola

"Coca-Cola" and its abbreviation  
"Coke" are the registered trade-  
marks which distinguish the prod-  
uct of The Coca-Cola Company.

DRINK

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# Pfc. Casanova-



**D**OLLS in the habit of giving guys the cold shoulder break this habit for guys with handsome hair. If you catch cold shoulders easily, get your hair handsome with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."



Product of Bristol-Myers

Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry, tight scalp. This routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair, makes your hair better-looking.

Now, 10 seconds to comb. Who is that handsome chap in the mirror? Man, that's the new you! Every hair in place and set to stay that way. Get Vitalis at your Post Exchange now!

**USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"**

## THE PROS ARE BACK (continued from page 29)

on the Tiger lineup will be the shortstop, the second baseman and possibly a pitcher. And with Virg Trucks, who is back for a full season and Freddie Hutchinson, Tommy Bridges or Hal White holding forth on the mound, the club would be seven-ninths ex-service. Behind the plate is ex-sailor Birdie Tebbetts; on first, Greenberg, of course; on third it's either Pinkie Higgins of the Navy or Bill Hitchcock of the Army. The outfield, which many class right up with the Yankees, has the ex-service trio of the highly touted Dick Wakefield, Barney McCosky and Pat Mullin, with the training camp sensation Hoot Evers, also ex-service, next in line when he recovers from his pre-season injuries.

Only fault the dopesters can find with the Tigers is that Greenberg is too old and consequently too slow. He may be old and he may be slow, but he can sure "lay into that ball" on occasion, as evidenced by the latter part of last season and in the World Series. We'd say the new Tigers are on a par with the new Yankees and the new Red Sox.

Close behind the big three of the younger circuit comes the surprise team of 1945, the Washington Senators. The team that jumped from last place in 1944, to finish a close second to the Tigers in 1945, plans another surprise this year — also with the help of a host of ex-service players. The audacious Ossie Bluege, now in his fourth season as manager of the Washington club, feels that his deep, well-rounded pitching staff and his otherwise well-balanced team, can actually win the pennant.

Here are some of the reasons for Ossie's optimism. The onetime regular Mickey Vernon has returned from the service to wrest first base from the aging Joe Kuhel. At second covets the capable Jerry Priddy. At short the Nats have 32-year-old Cecil Travis, who saw quite a bit of fighting in Germany. In fact it's only because of a case of frozen feet he suffered while up in the front lines that he is in the dubious class. He was discharged from the hospital as completely recovered, but still hasn't regained all his old speed. With Sherrard Robinson, recently discharged from the Navy, at third base, the Nats can boast of an all ex-service infield. In the outfield Jeff Heath is the only non-ex-servicer. From here it looks as if Buddy Lewis, who made many flights over "the Hump" while serving with the ATC in India-Burma-China, and Stan Spence, also ex-Army, will comprise the other two thirds of the outer pastures of the club.

Ex-serviceman Al Evans is behind the plate. Returning pitchers include Sid Hudson, Rae Scarborough and Walter Masterson. Masterson managed to get into the Nat lineup at the tail end of last season. Early season reports had Ossie worried about only two things: the preponderance of portside hitters in the lineup, and the third base situation.

**SWITCHING** again to the National League, we find the prognosticators stumped on the potential standing of the clubs behind the Cards. Will last year's pennant winners, the Cubs, run second? Many of the baseball sages say "No." While the Cubs were a good wartime ball club, the war's end brought them practically no improvement. Not so with the Giants and Dodgers, intra-New York City rivals. Both have vastly improved lineups.

Flatbushers viewing the 1946 team see an almost all ex-service first nine. In the outfield Pete Reiser in center is ex-Army and Gene Hermanski in right is ex-Coast Guard. Only "the people's cherche," Dixie Walker, who generally holds down left field, didn't get into the armed forces. In the infield, again it's all ex-service. Graham at first, Rojek or Billy Herman at second, Peeewe Reese at short and Harry Lavangetto at third — all are with the club for their first season of play following the big fracas.

In the battery department, the service motif is just as marked. Both of the catchers, Dixie Howell and Don Padgett, have just emerged from service. Harold Gregg seems to be the only top non-ex-service pitcher. Higbe, Casey, Joe Hatton, Ed Head, Rube Melton — all served with Uncle Sam.

It looks as if there is too much class in the Dodger outfield to permit ex-Marine Elmer "Reds" Durrett, 25-year-old Sherman, Tex., outfielder, to hang on. Reds fought with the Second Regiment at Guadal, and was given a medical discharge in '43. He was hospitalized with concussion and internal injuries as a result of a near bomb hit. He has played with Montreal for the past two seasons.

Over across the East River, where the onetime mighty Giants hold forth, another new deal is in the wind. Back from the wars comes \$175,000 Walker Cooper of the famous ex-Cardinal Coopers, who will contribute his expert backstopping and slugging to a team which is said to have "the heaviest wood in the National League."

Back also to the Polo Grounds' sluggers comes ex-Marine Willard Marshall, who continued his sensational hitting, begun as a rookie big-leaguer in '42, while playing for the Marine Pearl Harbor team. In that season, as a Giant, Marshall poled 12 homers. He patrols the outfield. The only regular outfielder



on this club who didn't get into the service is none other than Manager Mel Ott. Babe Young and Sid Gordon, who comprise the other members of what appears to be the four first-string outfielders, are both ex-service.

Looking around the Giant infield, only ex-servicemen are visible. Big Johnny Mize, who has been in the Navy since 1942, holds forth at first. Then reading from right to left, it looks like Buddy Blattner, Bill Rigney and Mickey Witek — all ex-service. Few of the Giant flingers were called to the colors.

Of the other National League teams, the Pirates seem to be the best. Success or failure of the Pirates' '46 version seems to hinge on the ability of two ex-servicemen to come through. The two are shortstop Billy Cox, who has been in service since 1941, and sensational 23-year-old Ralph Kiner, who plays center.

It is best not to discount the Boston Braves, if only because Billy Southworth became the team's manager during the winter. Billy's contract calls for a hundred grand for the next three years and a graduated bonus arrangement if the club finishes fourth, third, second or first. Billy is a businessman.

The Boston club's '45 ace, Tommy Holmes, who batted .352 last year, is back. With him in the outfield it may be Max West and Carvel Rowell, both of whom just got out of the Army. Of the infielders, Connie Ryan and John McCarthy will be playing their first year of baseball after a war-induced layoff. Bill Posedel is among the pitchers who returned from the wars.

Although the Cincinnati Reds present many ex-servicemen in their lineup, it is the consensus of opinion that the over-all combination is not enough to win many games. Returning veterans are Mike McCormick, Lonnie Frey, Johnny Vander Meer, Clyde Shoun, Gene Thompson, Ray Mueller, Ray Lammanno and Bert Haas, to mention but a few. The main weakness of this club seems to be lack of an adequate outfield.

The four other teams in the American League appear to be the logical contenders for fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth spots. The Indians have the great Bob Feller, "boy manager" Lou Boudreau at short and Ken Keltner, back from the wars, at third. At this point it looks as if they have little else.

The Athletics benefited greatly by getting many returning servicemen. Nevertheless they still look strangely like a wartime team. Although Connie Mack has never been noted for his Pollyanna utterances, we still think he's got something when he says: "We're 100 per cent better than last year, but heavens, the other teams have improved so much more than that. . . ."

Luke Sewell's Brownies look as if they're about 150 per cent (or so) better than last year. They'll have a couple of ex-doggies in the lineup who really hit that apple while playing in a mid-Pacific league. They are 29-year-old Walt Judnich, who batted .313 in his last ('42) season with the club, and newcomer, bespectacled Bob Dillinger, who hopes to hold down third base. Other ex-servicemen on the squad include Berardino, Laabs, Galehouse, Grace and Lucadello.

Two ex-Marines, Ted Lyons and Bob Kennedy, are around to help the not highly regarded Chicago White Sox club. Many other ex-servicemen are on the roster, but in all, the players seem to be too old. Indications are that Luke Appling, 37, Hal Trosky, 33, Wally Moses, 33, Taft Wright, 32, and last, but not least, the Marine Corps' Ted Lyons, who is also quite along in years, will see a lot of playing this season. Ted, by the way, broke a number of records when he returned for play this spring. First, he now can claim the distinction of being on the playing roster of one ball team for the longest time, 24 seasons. This record was made possible by a big-league ruling providing that time in service during the war does not interrupt any "string."

When his name first appeared on a box score this year he eclipsed one of Walter Johnson's pitching records. Johnson had pitched 21 years with Washington. This is Ted's 22nd with the Chisox. He also equals the mark set by Cy Young, Herb Pennock and Sad Sam Jones, all of whom pitched 22 years in the majors. All of the latter pitched on several teams. If Ted had remained in big-league ball for the past three years instead of going into the Corps, he would have exceeded all records of consecutive play for any position, beating a mark set by Ty Cobb and old-timer Pop Anson. All of the current White Sox players mentioned are tried and true performers, but they just can't get around like they used to 10 or 20 years ago. Looking down the roster, one sees that Kennedy, Wright, Appling, Tucker, George Dickey and a host of pitchers served with Uncle Sam.

This year you will undoubtedly see better ball than the pre-war variety, if only because the players on top have a new sense of values after having served time in the armed forces. Many of the players you see pulled some pretty rough duty. Some played ball in the service, too, but in the service a person does what he is told. And we believe that this article shows the error in frequently heard statements that a high percentage of big-league ballplayers "got out" of the service. True, some didn't get in, but the majority did get in and some served long cruises. Practically all the big stars are ex-servicemen.

Even rough  
old faces like this



feel smooth  
and fresh as his



after a cool,  
cool Ingram  
shave...

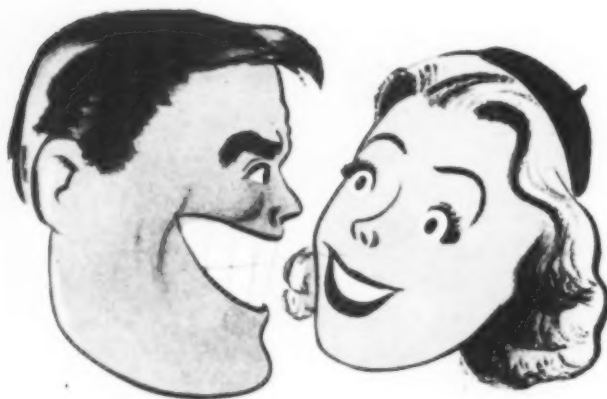


**B**UB, BURST the ties that bind you to burning shaves and latch on to cool-as-the-morning Ingram! Helps condition your skin for the blade while it wilts your whiskers! Cools shaving burns as you go. And after... ahhh! Just feel that elegant Ingram coolness linger! Get a jar today. Try Ingram tomorrow!

Product of Bristol-Myers

**INGRAM SHAVING CREAM**

# WOLVES' GALLERY



**The High-Pressure Type.** The chatter doesn't matter, but that million candlepower smile jolts the dolls into insensibility. Smiles of this voltage, naturally, are not generally the property of guys who ignore "pink tooth brush." If your tooth brush "shows pink," see the dentist. He may tell you that today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**The St. Bernard Type.** He's just around. He just sits there looking soulful. Which isn't much. But smiling. Which is plenty. Because this Joe knows about Ipana. He knows it not only cleans teeth. He knows that Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to help the gums. Try massaging Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself (as he does) to healthier gums and sounder, brighter teeth. Try Ipana, Friend.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today  
with - **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

## SOUND OFF (continued from page 5)

### NO EARLY HASHMARKS

Sirs:

We are having quite a discussion here as to the official wearing of a hashmark. Several of the fellows have got the word some place that when a fellow has three years and nine months of his hitch gone, he is eligible to wear a hashmark.

TSgt. C. W. Powell  
Cherry Point, N. C.

• **Hashmarks are worn only after an enlistment has been completed. There are no provisions in the uniform regulations for "early birds."**

— Eds.

### SOUND OFF BUDDY

Sirs:

I would like to hear from some of my buddies of the Twenty-eighth Marines. Especially Frank F. Densmore.

Jerold W. Heins  
Route 1  
Buffalo, Minn.

### RESERVE CLASS 1-B

Sirs:

I first enlisted in the Navy on 22 June 1924. Served a minority cruise and was discharged on 26 April 1928. I did not go into the Reserves and enlisted in the Marine Corps on 7 March 1933. Served four years, plus some G.O. time, and was discharged 16 June 1937. Re-enlisting in the Corps on 24 November 1937, I have been in uniform since that date.

My 16 years of active Naval service will be up around 13 March 1946.

My interpretation of Article 4-23 Marine Corps Manual makes me eligible for transfer to Fleet Marine Reserve, Class 1-B, on or after the completion of 16 years service.

Being in the Naval service on 1 July 1925, makes me eligible for this Class 1-B. As far as I know the Marine Corps Manual says nothing about this time having to be consecutive.

SSgt. Leo D. Cole  
Boston, Calif.

• **You are correct in your interpretation of Article 4-23 MCM. As long as you were serving on active duty on July 1, 1925, or before, you are eligible for transfer into the Marine Corps Reserve Class 1-B after 16 years of active service. The active service does not have to be consecutive.** — Eds.

### FAVORITE JOKES WANTED

Sirs:

Out in the islands, when I had time, I used to copy all the jokes and humorous stories that came to my attention. When we shoved off to Okinawa my collection was left behind and lost. I had planned to have that collection arranged into book form.

Now I am starting anew to assemble another collection. Wonder if a large number of Marines and ex-Marines would send me their favorite jokes? How about it, fellows?

ex-PFC Clem H. Johnson  
700 West M Street  
Louisville, Ky.



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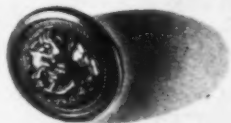
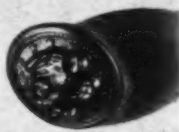
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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### HORSE MEAT AGAIN

Sirs:

I have just finished looking over the November 15 issue (Pacific Edition) of *The Leatherneck*. It takes us a little longer to get hold of them here in China. And I noticed a letter in Sound Off, entitled "Bow Wow Chow," where you stated that horse meat was never served at mess in the Marine Corps.

If I am not mistaken (and I am not) it was served in the "Blue Room" Mess Hall at Camp Matthews, San Diego, Calif., sometime during the month of July, 1944.

Pvt. Curtis Autrey  
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

• That statement is sure to invoke the wrath of a mess sergeant. Are you sure the meat you refer to wasn't some of that very potent-looking "bully beef," so prominent in the mess halls of the Corps during that time? As far as horse meat being served . . . we are informed—and still maintain—that it was not. — Eds.

### COULD BE "SNOW"

Sirs:

While I am in the States I would like to write a few lines for myself and some of the other boys.

I left the United States in May, 1945, with five good friends. That gives us three points for overseas duty. A few weeks ago I returned to the States on a ferry hop to find another friend, who has never been overseas, has six points on foreign service time. All he did was to fly on the West Coast.

Now I am going back to Hawaii in a couple of days and sit out a few more months . . . with the good possibility that I will be sent to China. Since I was drafted in May, 1944, my points add up to only 19.

I will cite another case. One man came into the Marine Corps one month ahead of me, has never been overseas and has 23 points on service alone. I have spent eight full months overseas and have only 19. How come? This is just one case, but I think it has gone far enough.

PFC Myron C. Baker  
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

• Suggest there is a strong possibility of a "snow job" somewhere along the line. All of the first sergeants we know don't make that kind of mistake. — Eds.

### A MISCONSTRUED STATEMENT

Sirs:

In the February issue of *Leatherneck* I noticed for the second time where Corporal Kohler was claiming senior corporal's time in the Corps.

His time as corporal runs from December 8, 1941, to August 31, 1945. However, my time in the same status dates from January 22, 1942 to December 11, 1945. This gives Kohler three years, eight months and 22 days. My time totals three years, ten months and 29 days. I had hoped that some old-timer would really give us a record. But, since they haven't, I guess it is safe to send

in my record. In the event I was senior corporal during the war I would like to know about it.

John E. Reece  
Greensboro, N. C.

• We believe you misinterpreted Sergeant Kohler's letter, as he was speaking of actual wartime service which ended in August, 1945. If we figure from this date, he has a month's time on you. But figuring actual corporal's time, as you say, you have two months time on him. — Eds.

### WHERE IS GEORGIA ST.?

Sirs:

This is a very strange request. One which you possibly cannot answer because I have so little information to give you on my question. But I would like to know where a "Georgia Street" is located.

In the last letter I had from a friend overseas, he mentioned that he would like to be back on Georgia Street . . . no other information. Is this place just Marine slang, or does such a place really exist?

A Wandering Miss.  
St. Louis, Mo.

• We can't be sure, of course, but chances are very good your friend was referring to Georgia Street, Vallejo, Calif. Many Marines and sailors from Mare Island, Calif., and the fleet, make their liberties on this street. — Eds.

### THE ARMY'S LUCK

Sirs:

Look at what I found!

I never thought this could happen. But here it is, clipped from an issue of the *Reno Evening Gazette*.

I wonder if Stakes has any buddies left in the Corps.

An ex-Flying Corporal  
Samuel C. Owen  
Reno, Nev.

• Here is a reprint of the clipping referred to by ex-Corp. Owens. — (Eds.)

EMPORIA, Kans. — Feb. 6 (AP) — William H. Stakes of Emporia, a Marine veteran of Guadalcanal, isn't sure how his Leatherneck buddies are going to feel about this: He has enlisted in the Army!

### "HABA HABA"

Sirs:

Where did the term "haba haba" originate? I believe that it started with the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal. Correct me if I am wrong.

Louis Joseph Zenzian  
An ex-Marine  
Hartford, Conn.

• We have been unable to ascertain the origin of this term, but assure you that we heard the expression long before the First Division landed on Guadalcanal. Maybe some of the readers have more pertinent data on the history of "haba haba." — Eds. END



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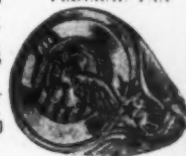
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# THE REAL McCOY



by Lieut. Dean I. Gabbert

USMCR

**F**OR 24 months you wait and you pray and hope and dream and wait some more. And somehow you get by. You ride the Navy transports and lay on your sack in the troop compartment and sweat. You go down the landing nets and you fight the fear and seasickness that grips you as the boats speed toward the beach. You stumble up the sand and frantically dig with your hands and feet. And you flinch when a mortar shell lands too close and you pray and you swear and you wait for the word to move forward.

Then, maybe you get hit and they send you back to the transport, or maybe you stay and sweat it out until the last lousy Nip has been burned out of his cave. You mop up. You clear away the debris and set up camp. And you breathe easily and settle down to the routine of garrison life. You laugh and you grumble. You gripe about the chow and the mail service. You hoard your ration of beer for a Saturday night party and you sit in the rain for movies — good ones and bad ones. You live for those letters from her — words written in a small, fine hand that go straight to your heart. And you dream of her at night and a million or so times a day and you wait and you pray that God will get you through the next operation and then home.

When that distant coast line looms ahead and some guy pounds you over the back and yells "Look over there — that's Okinawa!", you know that the die will soon be cast. The ship moves slowly and you wonder what sort of tub will be getting you through the Golden Gate. You hope it will be faster than this one. . . .

**T**HIS is it — the real McCoy. He needed no longer to pinch himself to make sure he was not dreaming. Joe put a last dab of polish on his low-cuts and beat a tattoo with his shoe brush. His heart felt as if it were going to pound its way right through his ribs. Home. For 24 hours he'd been home — 24 beautiful hours, with Joyce not even once out of his sight. And he turned to look at her, seated before the dressing table mirror, just to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

Never, in all those months away, had he forgotten a moment of their life together. The wedding, the week-ends at the lake, the coffee in bed on Sunday mornings; he had relived every one of those precious hours a thousand times. And he had lived his home-coming just as many times, but this far surpassed his fondest dreams.

"Look at that shine, would you? Pretty sharp if I do say so."

He slipped into his blouse, winked at Joyce and cocked his hat over his eye at a rakish angle.

Then he stopped and gave out with a low whistle as she presented herself for approval. Her soft, brown hair had been given an upward sweep and was piled deftly atop her head. A big red rose pinned above her ear supplied the finishing touch. Her dress, close-fitting at the waist and full in the skirt, matched her hair and eyes. A locket hung from her neck on a gold chain.

Joe took a step backward for a better view and placed his hands on his hips in an appraising manner. "Hair stunning, eyes pulsating, lips extremely kissable, dress exquisite, figure very trim and very shapely. Wrap it up and never mind the price!" And for that he earned a kiss and a generous smear of lipstick.

The night air felt fresh and cool as they sped along Eighth Avenue. A quarter moon gave a magic glow to the darkness and Joyce and Joe were caught in its spell. Or perhaps it was the enchantment of each other's nearness, the growing realization that they were back in each other's arms.

Joe pressed down on the accelerator and watched the speedometer climb. He liked the quiet hum of the motor and the response of the machine to his hand on the wheel. Joyce had her arm through his and clung tightly to his sleeve. Together they took up slightly less than half of the convertible's big leather seat. Maybe it was only rented for the evening, but tonight it was theirs.

"Where to, Madam?" Joe inquired in his best formal manner.



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"Any fashionable spot will do, Jeeves. The Astor or the Waldorf or even the Rainbow Room."

He planted a quick kiss on her cheek. "Those joints are three thousand miles away, my charming brat, and besides, you know darn well where we're going."

The Old Chinese Restaurant was one of those spots that grows on you. Maybe you like it because it's quiet and out of the way or maybe because it's full of wonderful memories. Old Henry met them at the door, Henry with the same white apron, the same ludicrous smile and the same royal welcome. With an arm about each, he led them to the "private dining room," a secluded corner reserved always for Henry's special guests.

All five members of the orchestra left the bar to take up their instruments, and Henry dashed off to the kitchen without a word. The old man's guests didn't ask for a menu; it just wasn't done. He knew the best foods and any lack of trust in his ability to choose the meal was nothing short of an insult.

Joe saw and was glad that two years had brought no changes to the restaurant. The soft lights along the wall, the quaint fixtures and knick-knacks about the room, the red checkered tablecloth and the tiny bowl of flowers. Not even Henry knew why the place was called Chinese. The old man was Swedish and Guiseppe, the bartender, Italian; and not one of the patrons remembered having been served an Oriental dish.

The orchestra—piano, violin, trumpet, sax and guitar—played "You Made Me Love You." Joe pressed her hand between both of his. "Henry thinks of everything, doesn't he?" Joyce looked into his eyes and smiled with the realization that she could still read his thoughts.

It was here that he first told her he loved her and she remembered his stumbling words and the fear in his eyes that she might not understand. And then the night he asked her to marry him. She was so happy she cried. "Just like a woman," Joe had teased. And he kissed her while Henry was serving the dessert. And both of them remembered that terrible night before Joe sailed for overseas. They laughed and had fun and drank too much of Henry's wine, and only their eyes gave away the awful feeling they knew inside.

Henry's dinner special went virtually unnoticed. The old boy might well have been offended, but tonight he understood. Joe would eat a bit, then put down his fork. "Mrs. P., I offer you a brief dissertation on why you are the world's most wonderful wife." And two minutes later he would grab her wrist and lead her out on the tiny dance floor.

"I confess that my dancing is nothing to shout about, but this is a beautiful excuse to hold you in my arms."

The orchestra was playing "Always" and Joyce sang the words softly in his ear.

"Little girl, will you forgive me if I give way to an overwhelming desire?" Without waiting for an answer, he stopped dancing and pressed his lips to hers in a kiss that almost took



her breath away. Joyce blushed and they fled from the floor amid the rousing applause from the restaurant's three other patrons.

The moon was brighter now and bathed the surf in silver as they drove south along the beach road. Joe hadn't done any one-armed driving in two years, but he was fast catching the knack of it.

"Hey chum, since the radio on our limousine doesn't want to work, how's about joining me in some close harmony?"

Joyce laughed and spilled cigaret ashes all over her dress. "You have a voice that is a combination of Johnny Mercer and Gene Autrey, but I'm all for it," she said.

All the dogs in Inglewood barked as they passed through town, but they didn't care. They sang old songs and new, college songs and war songs. They ad libbed the words they had forgotten and Joyce honked the horn everytime they struck a sour note.

Joe pulled off the highway and followed a narrow lane that led into a sandy cove along the water's edge. Surf leaped over the rocks and came spilling across the sand only a few

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## THE REAL McCOY (continued)

feet from the car. Fascinated by the picture, neither of them spoke. Joe broke the silence.

"Darling, I'm home, home for keeps! Maybe just a little bit more in love, but I'm the same guy and you're the same gal. And I don't even remember what a 60 mm. mortar or a field-transport pack looks like! Does approaching civilian life frighten me? Do I dive under the bed every time it thunders? Am I a stranger to my wife as all the magazines say? Hey, this life is strictly O.K.!"

"Of course you're the same guy, silly, and of course it's O.K." And she kissed him on the tip of his nose.

Joe flipped his cigaret at the surf and watched it fall in a glowing arc. "Prepare yourself, my proud beauty, for I've just had a most terrific brainstorm! Let's go wading in the surf. Let's be young and gay and all that old stuff!"

She sat bolt upright.

"Is my husband completely crazy? Joe honey, I'm all dressed up. These are my good shoes and this is a new dress!"

"Then off with the good clothes. Don't be a sissy. Where is your sporting blood, my lovely?"



Without waiting for an answer he was out of the car, peeling off shoes and socks. He draped his blouse over the car door, followed by shirt and trousers.

Joyce still remained in the seat, doubled over in laughter. Tears ran down her cheeks. Seizing her hand, he pulled her from the car, but her cries of protest were lost in her own laughter.

"Oh, you adorable fool, what if someone sees us parading around in our undies?"

"See us? My dear, this is California. Don't you want to go native?"

He tossed her hat on the ledge behind the seat and helped her pull off her shoes as she sat on the running board. She still protested but it did no good.

"You've gotta humor me. Returning veteran, you know."

And for that he was forced to dodge a blow aimed at his head. She stood with her arms in the air and he pulled her dress over her head.

"You brute, you. You're ruining my hair."

"It's still pretty, up or down," and he took her hand and they went racing down the beach. Joe laughed at her squeals as the cold water swept over their bare feet. Out of breath, they scrambled up on a rocky ledge where they could feel the spray from the surf against their faces.

They sat like a couple of kids, legs pulled up under their chins, watching the waves come rushing up the beach and then go sliding back into the sea.

Joyce propped her head against his shoulder. "Tell me what you're thinking about."

"You."

"What about me?"

"How sweet you are and what a funny little nose you have and how cute you look when you wake up in the mornings."

"What else?"

"About tomorrow and next month and next year; about the home we're going to have. Remember the fireplace we planned? And the library with book shelves clear to the ceiling? And the record player with the Gershwin albums? And the twin Scottie dogs and the white bearskin rug? And don't forget we're going to have a nursery too."

"Yes, I like that. It'll be done in blue with big sailboats all over the wallpaper. And there'll be dozens and dozens of kids."

Joe almost fell off the rock. "How many?"

"Well, three or four, anyway," and she laughed when he heaved a sigh of relief.

"O.K., but if they don't have your brown eyes, I won't claim them. Man, oh man, can't you get a load of me as the proud father? You know, I think we'll use military regimenta-



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# oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... SHAME FOR TOM to neglect his hair that way. Dry Scalp is the trouble. Makes his hair look messy, and it's almost impossible to keep it combed. H-m-m, loose dandruff on his shoulder, too. Hanged if I don't tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic..."

*Hair looks better...  
scalp feels better...  
when you check Dry Scalp*



IT WAS GOOD ADVICE FOR TOM... it's just as good for you. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and telltale dandruff scales disappear. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—not against it—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

## Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

### THE REAL McCOY (continued)

tion to raise our kids. We'll have morning roll calls and give 'em a court-martial when they misbehave. I'll be the CO and you can be my exec."

Joyce grabbed him around the neck and kissed him.

"Aye aye, sir. As long as they're your kids, they're bound to be wonderful."

"I'll race you back to the car, chum, and give you a head start."

"You're on," she shouted, and dashed off down the beach with Joe close behind. He closed the gap between them and reached out to grab her, but he fell in the loose sand and they both went down in a heap. He gave her a firm but sandy kiss and then helped her to her feet.

"Oh you idiot," she cried, trying to catch her breath and act angry all at the same time, "look at me! Sand from head to foot. And my hair! It's all over my head."

"Bedraggled, but pretty. The true test of beauty."

He draped his blouse over her shoulders and pushed her into the seat.

"This'll do for a dress until we get home."

Joe hummed softly to himself all the way home. He was driving with both hands now, for Joyce was fast asleep, her head in his lap.

"Wake up, Bright-eyes, we're home." She slipped her arms about his neck and he lifted her from the car. "If the neighbors could only see this they might think we'd been on a toot."

As he carried her up the stairs, Mrs. Carstead opened her apartment door across the hall and her jaw dropped at the spectacle she saw. "Drinking wives are a trial," Joe clucked, and closed his door in her face.

Inside he dropped on the davenport and laughed until his sides ached. "You villain, you!" Joyce screamed. "Slandering my character is the last straw. That old busy-body will have this all over town."

But her indignation gave way to a smile.

Joe lit a cigaret and flopped across the bed. Even after a hot shower, Joyce was combing sand out of her hair and muttering about her crazy husband loud enough, of course, for him to hear.

He propped himself up on one elbow and watched her, fascinated as she selected a lock of hair, wound it around her finger, and deftly pinned it into place. He liked the little frown that wrinkled her nose and he liked the gay printed flowers on her pajamas.

Catching his gaze in the mirror, she protested, "Must husbands always watch their wives put up their hair? Can't they make themselves scarce during such un-glamorous moments? Consider how my poor ego must suffer."

For an answer he tossed a pillow at her and upset a box of bobby pins all over the floor.

The moon, low on the horizon, spread its rays across the bedroom and gave an almost angelic glow to her face. He pulled her into his arms and collected a good-night kiss. He liked her head against his shoulder and he closed his eyes as she whispered "Dear God, thank you for bringing him home to me." . . . .

THE corpsman bent over and felt his pulse. "You're gonna be O.K., kid. We'll have you out on the ship in half an hour. Here, how about a cigaret?"

The din of battle was still loud in his ears. A medium tank rumbled by and sand slipped down the sides of his shell hole every time an artillery round landed up forward.

"You were plenty lucky, kid. Those little bastards had your position registered in and I don't know how in hell you got out alive. Just a few pieces of shrapnel and a slight concussion; nothing to worry about. Gotta wife at home? She's got plenty to be thankful for today."

Joe smiled. "I think I'll have that cigaret now."

END





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If upset by  
a five-year old ...



## Why be Irritated? Light an Old Gold

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Wednesday Evenings CBS  
and  
**MEET ME AT PARKY'S**  
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OUCH!

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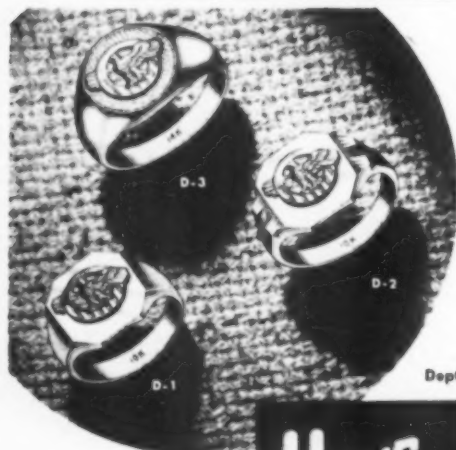


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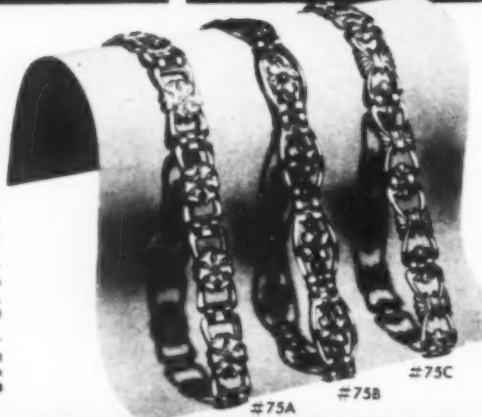
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## WE THE MARINES (continued from page 41) Back Home in Hollywood

Hollywood has sent us a few lines about Robert Ryan, who spent two years in the Marine Corps before he could get back to the film capital. First part of the Ryan story is gentle and mild, though a little overloaded with sevens. Ryan gave a surprise dinner for his wife, Jessica, on the seventh anniversary of their wedding. Seven persons were at the table, and the groom gave the bride a lapel pin with seven small diamonds.

Here the going gets tough. Ryan had gained weight while in the service, but he has been thinning down under the strain of spending three days in the water for the filming of shipwreck scenes, two days carrying Joan Bennett through deep sand, and additional time swapping punches with Charles Bickford. These duties arose from his role as co-star with Miss Bennett and Bickford in a movie called "Desirable Woman." Hollywood says Ryan says Hollywood is as tough as boot camp.

But the pay is better.



From left to right are PFC Aubrey Langham, Tim and PFC Glenn L. Huling of Rochester, N. Y. Tim weighs in at a tidy 85 pounds

### Euki to Timber to Tim

The United States has received into its borders a former member of the Japanese Imperial Army—the only one to come anywhere near carrying out the Japs' boast that they would enter through our western portals.

The entrant was known to the Japs as Euki, and he travels on four feet. You guessed it—he's a dog. He seemed to like the U.S. Marines when he saw them first, at Sasebo. Originally a German war dog, he had been shipped by the Nazis to their Oriental partners. Euki served the Japs in China, and was wounded twice in action. But he didn't really care for the little men.

When the Marines undertook guard duty in Sasebo, Euki chose a partner and stuck by him. He would growl and bristle at the approach of a Jap, or an officer of the day. His name was changed from Euki to Timber, and he was accepted as a comrade.

Private First Class Aubrey Langham became Timber's best friend. He brought him to this country, detained him to rid him of his combative inclinations, and earmarked the dog as a pet, to live with him following his discharge at Prichards, Ala.

Now he's called Tim.

### Recruiting's His Hobby

John Clifford, who recently visited his son, Master Technical Sergeant Jack Clifford, at Cherry Point, is a snappy 64-year-old who can talk about the Old Corps with authority.

"The training and discipline are stricter now," he remarks. "In 1900, when I was stationed at League Island, near the Philadelphia Navy Yard, about all the boot camp we had was walk, walk, walk. They'd march us to Philadelphia and back every day. If you didn't have flat feet to start with, the walking would make them flat. Drill at all hours of the night and sham battles once a month. But we had lots of practice with the rifle and pistol."

Mr. Clifford is a photographer and has made portraits of the successive Presidents of the United States from Theodore Roosevelt onward. But his hobby is getting recruits for the Marine Corps, and reminding people what a wonderful outfit the Corps is. Mr. Clifford knows a lot of people.

TURN PAGE



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## WE THE MARINES (continued)

In Cleveland, Ohio, the detachment of the Marine Corps League to which he belongs obtained 450 men for enlistment. While not a clergyman, he holds the post of chaplain in units of the Spanish War Veterans, the Army-Navy Union, and the War Dads. He belongs to several other organizations, all of which have been made well-aware of the glory of the Corps.

Mr. Clifford was asked whether he ever heard from the boys he helped to sign up after they had reached Parris Island. He said he had.

"Lovely letters," he said, smiling. "But of course, by accident, we do sometimes get pantywaists who can't take it. One wrote: 'You so and so of a thus and which, just you wait till I get out of here.'"



Marines and sailors from the Marine Base at El Centro, Cal., were called upon for aid when 27 persons died in a plane crash near by

## Skating in Tientsin

"If you can walk," the loud-speakers in Tientsin blared, "you can skate."

Corporal Edward Daily bent an ear, and decided to check on this. He had several ice rinks to choose from, for some such small admission charge as \$300, local currency. He chose the Marines' own free course, at the Recreation Grounds. Here there was music, and Special Services had piles of skates for those who had forgotten to bring their own — or for those bouncy beginners who had not skated before.

The corporal found a miscellaneous lot gliding about. Salty skaters were zipping around the edges in fancy arcs, keeping time to the music that floated across the ice. Other "skaters" were floating across the ice on their beam ends, ignoring the music. Daily joined the merry throng, and this is his candid report:

"The first fall is a lulu; it feels like somebody kicked the world out from underneath you, but after five or six falls you become accustomed to hitting the deck. After that it's only a matter of picking yourself up and starting all over again."

If you can walk you can skate. But if you skate, can you walk?

## The Price Must Be Right

Tientsin, as a result of action undertaken by Colonel Wilburt S. Brown, has acquired a fine place for Marines to buy their curios. As senior member of the First Division Post Exchange Committee and Commander of the Eleventh Marines, Col. Brown found it not only desirable, but possible to do something about getting his men a break.

Through the active assistance of Second Lieutenant A. E. Pfeifer, Division Post Exchange Officer, an arrangement was made with Mr. Poldy Chiang, a local merchant. The result was the First Marine Division Curio Shop in Victoria Road, Tientsin. Mr. Chiang owns and operates the shop, admits only servicemen as customers, and charges only eight per cent profit over actual

TURN PAGE

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Introduction to Anthropology (3)  
Psychology (3)  
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Business Law (4)  
Latin-American Geography (4)  
Latin-American History (4)  
The Pacific World (2)  
Human Geography of Japan (2)  
Human Geography of Asia (4)  
Russia's Lands and Peoples  
Spanish (12)  
French (12)  
Military French (6)

The Marine Corps accepts MCI college studies toward the college credit needed for assignment to officer training and commissions.



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(PacBranch, Navy-128, FPO, San Francisco)

### WE THE MARINES (continued)

cost of the articles he sells. He adds another two per cent for the Marine PX.

Liaison man for the PX at the shop is Marine PFC Hadley J. Nicholson, whose main task is to keep an eye on purchase and sales prices, while keeping the shop PX books. He can usually be called on, however, to give sound advice to a man who is trying to choose among the shop's wide selection of gowns and cloths, Oriental embroidery, leather goods, novelties, costly and costume jewelry, porcelain and pottery. The shop also offers a broad variety of jades, priced from a few dollars upward.

### Of Ducks and Drinks

Word that Marines in Tientsin, China, have a new friend by the name of "Saki," who is a beer-drinking duck, recalls the memory of "Siwash" — another unusual duck. Saki, having proceeded from Guam in the company of Private Earl L. Piner of Canton, Miss., was swigging beer, light wines and sake at the latest report. With Siwash, the primrose path has gone a little farther.

Siwash, after visiting Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian, went Stateside with her pal, Corporal Francis Fagin. Last October the corporal reverted to civilian life, and Siwash took up an abode in an American Legion hall on Chicago's South Side. Here she met many people willing to buy her a beer. But Fagin has decided this should stop.

"I decided it wasn't fair to Siwash," he explained. "She's got a right to have a normal duck's life."

This meant an abrupt change for the much-traveled duck: retirement to a farm where there were "no beer, no Marines — just ducks."

### Thanks, Sergeant Irene!

Here's a letter that Brigadier General T. J. Cushman presented to tall, red-haired Sergeant Irene L. Matthews of Flint, Mich., at a ceremony in his office:

"It has come to the Commanding General's attention that you have, during the past 18 months, devoted many of your off-duty hours to visiting the sick and injured who were under treatment in the U.S. Naval Dispensary, U.S. Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C. You voluntarily performed for them many tasks for which they were incapacitated, writing and mailing their personal letters and traveling considerable distances on foot to purchase items desired from the Post Exchange which they otherwise could not have obtained. Your considerate and cheerful service to the patients contributed much toward maintaining their high morale and aided their convalescence.

"I take great pleasure in commending you for the many tireless and voluntary services you have rendered in behalf of your comrades."

### Third Phib Pictorial

Arrangements have been made with Hollywood's Official Photos Company to mail free copies of North China Pictorial-USMC, a magazine, to all members, past and present, of the Third Marine Amphibious Corps who served in North China. Several thousand copies have been sent to North China for distribution to units stationed there now. However, there are thousands of men who served in this area with the Third Phib who are entitled to free copies but who have not received them because of lack of proper mailing addresses. Anyone who qualifies and who has not yet received his copy may obtain it by sending his name, rank, serial number and the name of his organization in the Third Phib Corps to Official Photos Company, 1434 North Western Avenue, Hollywood 27, California.

### Uniformity for the Army

Army officers and men will be dressed alike, according to new regulations announced by the War Department. The rules, the Department says, "will supplant the multicolored style mixtures of shirts, blouses, jackets, and trousers which have been recognized as the uniform of the Army, particularly for officers."

In view of such things as the scarcity of civilian clothing for men currently leaving the services, the Army is taking a long-range view of the shift to new outfits. Present military styles will be continued to June 30, 1948. After that, officers and men alike will wear battle jackets and trousers of the olive-drab shade now seen on enlisted men. Summer outfits will be the well-known khaki, plus battle jackets.

But there is something new to be added. Army quartermaster specialists are searching and testing to find a new dress blue uniform, to be worn by officers and others. If suitable cloth and pattern can be found, such a uniform will be authorized after June 30, 1948.

END



## Gyrene Gyngles

### PARADOX

I wish someone would please tell me  
Who makes the weather prophecy  
Here in the Marianas Isles,  
Where Nature, Ernie Pyle said,  
smiles

Upon us six months of the year.  
The Atlas says the weather's clear.  
It also says this season's dry —  
Those can't be rain clouds in the sky.  
Those puddles in our little tent,  
The bedding's dank and musty  
scent,  
The fluid content of our shoes —  
Can all be blamed on heavy dew.  
Correspondents and Atlas makers  
Used to write ads for cruise boat  
takers.

— LAURENCE E. MILLEA, JR., SKIC  
Pacific

### SKYWAYMAN

His kingdom is a gray-clad sky,  
The earth a far-off thing,  
The rhythm of a plane in flight —  
The engine, tail, and wing.

Time has become a senseless word  
In this wide world of depth,  
The clouds pop out of hiding space  
Where secret trysts are kept.

The sun seems nearer to him now,  
The planets (such as Mars).  
A glaze is over life up here,  
The habitat of stars.

Gone are the nightmares of the  
earth,  
Its poverty and lust;  
The clouds are friends who welcome  
him  
Into their secret trust.

His steed of grit and steel, alone,  
His one link to the earth,  
He now reviews the life he's lived,  
From moment of his birth.

Soft nuances of shadowed sun  
Around about him cling.  
He feels them drawing nearer now,  
As angel voices sing.

The clouds bid him but listen, as  
In unison they nod:  
His spirit catches clearly now —  
The whispered words of God.

— TSGT. HAROLD POWELL  
USMC Combat Correspondent

### THE WISH

I have a wish, a secret wish, to  
build a little town.  
With plenty of shade and lots of  
flowers and children playing  
around.

A village where old folks can sit  
and gossip in the gloaming.  
A village where the wanderer'll be  
content to rest from roaming.  
A place where Art is welcome, poets,  
painters, and musicians;  
A village where no politics can offer  
fat positions.

My town will have no filling station,  
just a hitching rail;  
No neon lights but just the lantern's  
golden, yellow pale.

A quiet place where needs are  
modest and the tax is small,  
A quiet place, no telephone to jar  
you with a call.

There'll be no paving in the streets,  
but just the silky dust,  
Where barefoot boys can walk to  
school, when walk to school they  
must.

My town will have a tavern where  
folks sip the mellow ale.  
But my town will have no money  
bank, no poorhouse, and no jail.

I'll have a cottage of my own, where  
I can sit and think,

Or talk with friends, and smoke a  
pipe, and watch the fire and drink.  
I'll have my books, the lovely books  
with precious thoughts, indeed —  
Add cheese; a crust, and foamy milk,  
what more could mortal need?

There'll be a berry patch where kids  
get purple stained lips,  
A tiny orchard, fuzzy peaches at  
your finger tips.

Behind the cot, a grassy meadow,  
shady cool, and green;

A blooded colt in clover, Jersey knee  
asleep, serene.

We'll have a little forest where a  
man can take his soul,  
And within, a little tinkly stream  
that needs a fishing pole.

There'll be a little ivy'd church  
where everyone can kneel,  
While overhead the silver chimes  
old hymnals softly peal.

We'll have no sect or doctrine there  
to complicate the place;

There'll be no thought of title, of  
condition, or of race.

Finally, there will be some open  
where a man can break the sod,  
And resting, lift his eyes and dedi-  
cate his heart to God.

— 1ST LT. JACK H. SHETLESWORTH  
Pacific

### THE DIFFERENCE

Those KP blues sung far and wide  
Resemble those of the fresh young  
bride.

But she has ways to ease her woes  
Which just don't pass with grim COs.

— PFC. LEE R. HAYMAN  
East Cleveland, O.

### NAVY NURSE

How gentle are the hands that  
soothe the pain —  
The smile that with the kindness  
of rain

Must cleanse the soul of each re-  
membered thing  
And give new faith from which our  
hope must spring.

With grace she walks between the  
ordered rows  
And grateful eyes must follow where  
she goes —

Grateful eyes that do an homage  
pay  
For blessings that she shares from  
day to day.

Where teeming jungles cast their  
spell

And filth and pain abide,  
She meets the harbingers of death  
And bears her cross with pride,  
That bodies pierced by lance of war  
May heal and home again  
From out the awfulness of tears  
And torture house of pain.

She may not know the praiseful  
words  
That mark the hero's worth,  
But she will hold close to her heart  
The praise of grateful eyes  
As in her own accustomed way  
She helps the brave to rise.

— MAJOR JOHN E. ESTABROOK  
Cherry Point, N. C.

### ADVANCE REQUEST

When I come home  
I want your hug  
So tight I'll faint  
Upon the rug.

I want sweet words  
To heal time's scars —  
And make that kiss  
Bring out night's stars!

— PFC. LEE R. HAYMAN  
East Cleveland, O.



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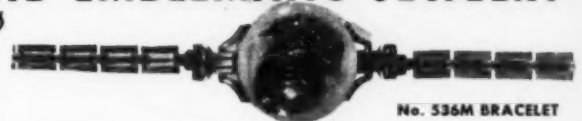
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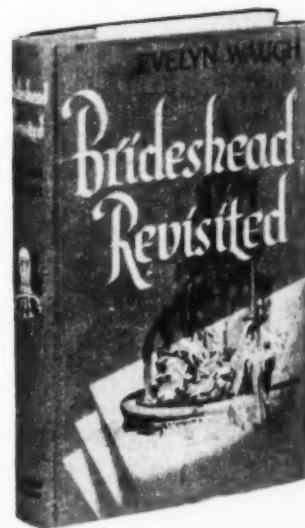
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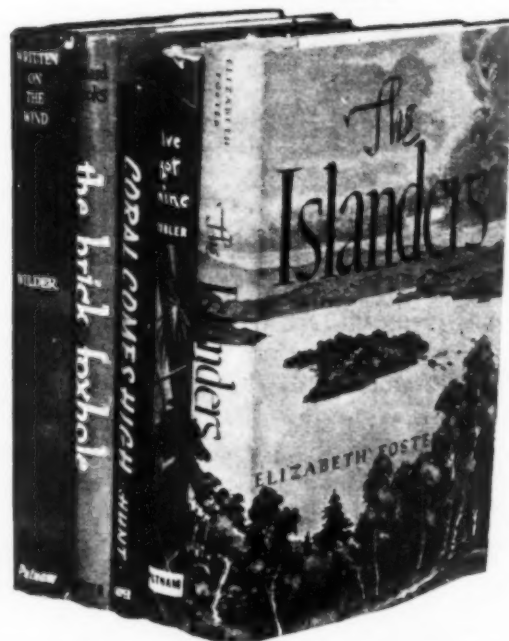
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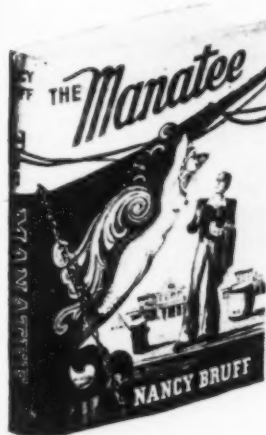


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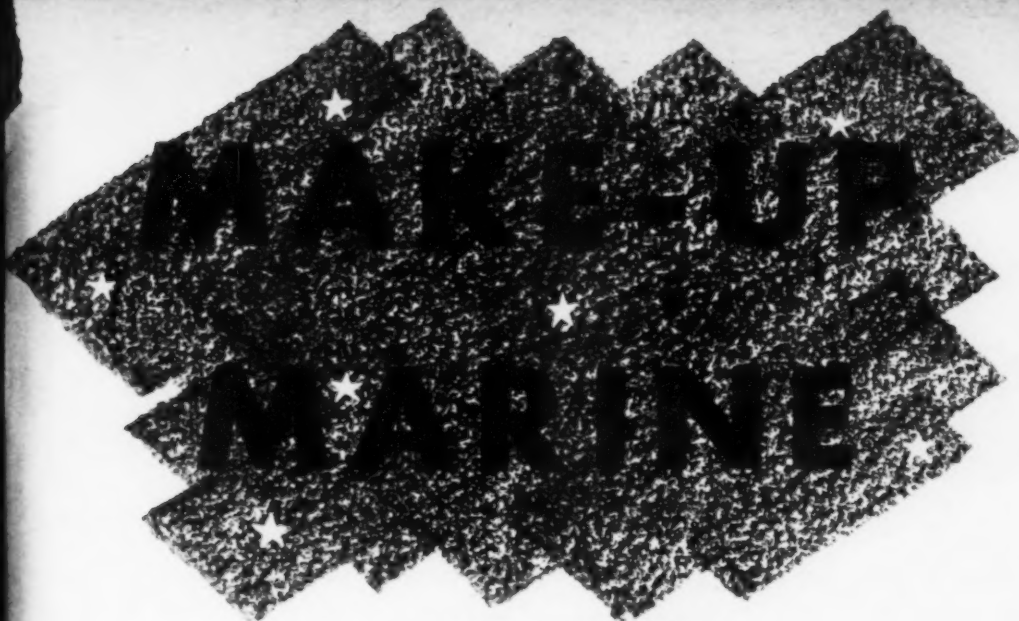
**This little "Before and After" sequence shows screen villain**

**Mike Mazurki as his own pleasant self—at right; and above,**

**after Lee Greenway had made a few alterations**







by Pfc Leonard Riblett  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



**L**EE GREENWAY is a soft-spoken fellow from North Carolina. He has deft hands that hang from powerful arms and his massive frame scales an easy 200 pounds. He is a very big guy. He is also an ex-Marine sergeant who has checked in his 782 gear and now wields a powder puff instead of a rifle. A guy should be very careful to smile when he makes any comment, however.

Lee, who spent four years at sea and between trips did duty as a physical instructor, now earns a comfortable living in a comfortable way. He is a make-up artist at RKO studios in Hollywood. Those big hands that once handled the M-1 and bayonet so capably now are equally efficient with a puff and brush.

The former technical sergeant has been doing this work for six years — with time out for a war — and

he likes it. He should. Especially when his duties include working with the likes of Martha Hyer, an RKO starlet who is very, very attractive. He admits that after entering boot camp at San Diego, back in 1942, he yearned mightily to do a make-up job — with knuckles — on the faces of several annoying drill instructors. He also admits that at Cape Cod, where he was with the 534th Amphibs, there were several characters he wanted to similarly make over — something along the lines of Boris Karloff, whom he has prepared for several horror pictures.

However, returning to Martha Hyer, you will see she is infinitely more attractive than Mr. Karloff. So, instead of Mr. Karloff, we decided on her as the model for this story.

Martha, who is 21 and five feet, six inches tall, is a Dallas brunette. Her father is Colonel J. C. Hyer, Judge Advocate of the United States 15th Army, in Germany. She has dark brown hair and green eyes and certainly has no need for make-up, except in motion pictures. In this highly technical industry the

brilliant lighting required by cinematography does strange things. It is Greenway's job to prevent the strange things that can happen.

Martha's jaw, for instance, needs shading down, or else the merciless klieg lights will make it seem too prominent in photographs. This is corrected by applying a grease paint darker in color than that used for the rest of the face. Obviously, this has to be done skillfully or the features will appear distorted. Martha's nose needs correction, Greenway points out, because it is slightly crooked and because the cartilage protrudes. False lashes must be added to the eyes, because the natural lash does not photograph. Eyebrows must be strengthened, because lashes and eyebrows accentuate the eyes. This is a ten-minute task since the lashes must be trimmed to fit.

Altogether, it takes an hour to prepare the most beautiful women for motion picture work. Even the eyelids receive a coat of grease paint. Eye shadow is added to make the eyes stand out.

This sounds like an easy way to earn a living. Of course, it is not. Make-up work is a highly skilled art that must be learned by long experience. There is a three-year apprenticeship to be gone through. This includes general art work. There is no such thing as a poor make-up artist. You either are good or you get a job doing something else.

Make-up men are artists in camouflage. In 30 minutes Greenway can transform Martha, who is 21, into the likeness of a woman of 51. Make-up artists figure it takes one minute to age an actress one year. A job like turning Karloff into Dr. Frankenstein's monster requires hours. So does the make-up of Mike Mazurki, former All-American football player and wrestler, for his role of "Scarface" in RKO's Dick Tracy picture. Big Mike is not too handsome, but his make-up for "Scarface" would give a sergeant major the shudders.

Make-up artists like Greenway work on the face only. There are other specialists who arrange the coiffure and who may spend an hour or more on an actress's hair. This was the case with Martha when she was being readied for the glamour pictures. Her hair was arranged first. Since her shoulders were to be bare, another make-up expert, this one a woman, applied powder to them. Make-up men touch only the face and neck. This is a union rule, Greenway says. It is not his doing.

After nearly three hours Martha was ready for the photographer. The picture, made especially for *The Leatherneck*, is the pin-up on the last page. It's a Greenway job.



1 Lee and Martha study her still photos for any visible facial structure weaknesses



2 Maybe the jaw angle is too sharp. Lee will shade it with a dark grease paint



3 For the next make-up step, Greenway deftly outlines lovely Martha's cheek

# MAKE-UP MARINE (continued)



**4** Darkening Martha's jaw line, Lee tells her the camera will skip any bad angles



**5** For the next step, Lee applies make-up to her nose, which needs straightening



**6** Then Lee applies make-up to the cheek. That's good duty—for an ex-sergeant



**7** Lee Greenway is quite a large gent. If in doubt, note the size of those hands



**8** Lee uses a brush to make sure streaky make-up does not foul up the picture



**9** Even the eyelids get a coat of grease paint. Later eye shadow will be applied



**10** Lee uses an eyebrow brush to bring out Martha's eyebrows for the klieg lights



**11** They're getting into the final stages now as Lee uses the old eyebrow pencil



**12** Then the lipstick. If an actress knows how, she is allowed to do this herself



**13** Job completed, Lee stands aside and with artistic pride, checks his work



**14** It was really worth all that effort. Judge for yourself from the photo at right



week.  
want

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plied

Judge  
t right



*—and it's*  
**ABC**  
*for keeps*



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